CORONET

Would You Be Drafted?

Good Feet for Life

Cup Your Ears and Speak

We Americans in Europe

Can You Master Words?

22 other features by

FRED C. KELLY
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EORGES SIMENON
OBERT W. MARKS

and others

NOVEMBER, 1939

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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CORONET
for
NOVEMBER
1939

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WOULD YOU BE DRAFTED?

RIGHT NOW MILLIONS ARE EARMARKED FOR THE TRENCHES IF WAR COMES: ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?

M-DAY. America at war. Mobilization. Draft. Presidential Proclamations. Call to the Colors. Uncle Sam Wants *You!* WORK OR FIGHT!

What does Mobilization-Day—the military zero hour, the day of the outbreak of war—hold in store for you? And for the 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 other Americans roughly classifiable as of "military age"? Where will you be one month after M-Day? Six months later? One year? Who will be fighting in the front line trenches? Who is exempt from military duty? Who gets the cushy jobs at the rear?

Here are the answers to those questions so far as they can be answered before the actual outbreak of war. But one word of warning. These answers are tentative. In the green steel filing cabinets of the War Department are shelves of manila folders. Those files are marked "M-Day." They contain bills to be introduced into Congress, Executive orders to be issued by the White House, Draft forms, application blanks, Recruiting posters, announcement sheets to cover every conceivable contingency. All is ready. It only remains to fill in the blanks with proper dates and signatures. Even so, eleventh-hour changes are possible. The Army has the bills ready for Congress, but Congress can veto the Army.

Necessity might force changes in the M-Day timetable. For instance, instead of a single massive registration of the whole male population occurring one month to six weeks after M-Day, there might be two registrations. The first would cover men 21 to 30 and the second, a year or so later, would cover all from 18 to 45. However, the preferred Army plan calls for a single registration of all males over 18, with those 18 to 45 liable for military duty.

Don't be misled by occasional suggestions that there won't be a

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WHEN THE BUGLE BLOWS

This chart shows how you can determine when you will be drafted if M-Day comes. It is based on present Army plans and actual World War experience. While the general outlines are certain to be followed in case of another draft, minor changes in age limits, classifications, etc., might be made before the Selective Service Act was placed in operation. Class I is the only class immediately liable to military duty. Classes II, III and IV are deferred classes which probably would never be called for duty. Class V is virtually exempt from military service.

AGE

Subject to Registration: All men 18 or over.
Liable to Military Duty: Men 18 to 45 inclusive.
Exempt from Military Duty: Men under 18 or over 45.

DEPENDENCY

Class I: Unmarried, or married but not supporting dependents.

Class II: Married men whose wives or families have another potential source of support.

Class III: Men with aged parents, minor brothers or sisters or other dependents without other means of support.

Class IV: Married men who are the only source of support for their families.

draft if M-Day comes. There will. Even if M-Day ushers in what the generals call a "little" war, the draft is certain. The Army has said repeatedly that it can't fight a modern war without a draft, and it won't attempt to do so.

As nearly as can be determined by careful investigation, the draft will operate as follows:

On a given day, about one month after passage of the Selective Service Act, all men over 18 (if a single registration is ordered) will go to precinct polling places all over the country and register. Those 18 to 45 will be liable for Army service. The register of those over combat age may be used in the Army's "Industrial Mobilization" scheme if Congress so authorizes. Each registrant will be

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OCCUPATION

Class I: Unemployed persons, students (except medical or theological), routine office, industrial or farm workers not rated as essential.

Class II: Workers in farm, factory or office rated as essential.

Class III: Assistants to executives and highly specialized experts in industry and agriculture; municipal and local officials; firemen; policemen; essential government workers; navy yard and arsenal employees.

Class IV: Seamen; farm and industrial executives.

Class V: Legislative, executive and judicial officers of the U.S.; ministers; theological students; medical students; aliens who have not indicated intention to become citizens; Indians; steamship pilots; persons guilty of major crimes.

HEALTH

Qualified for service: Good general health (includes everybody who could pass an insurance examination and probably some who couldn't).

Qualified for service when cured of slight defect: Poor eyesight which can be corrected by glasses; flat feet which can be corrected by exercise; excessive weight which can be reduced; incipient tuberculosis; syphilitic or other general infections, etc. The Army will undertake to put all such men into shape for service.

Qualified for limited service: Serious eye defects which would not hinder simple camp duties; diabetics; chronic diseases or ailments which make combat duty impossible but would not interfere with specialized behind-the-lines service.

Unqualified for service: Major defects or ailments, such as blindness, lack of limbs, mental disorder, crippling disease, etc.

handed an elaborate form detailing occupational status, marital status, age, dependents, etc. If he has dependents he will be required to submit full data on his income and financial resources so the draft board can determine the extent of dependency. The local draft board classifies each man on the basis of his questionnaire, either as available for immediate duty or in deferred status. Rulings on classification will be subject to appeal through intermediate boards, to Washington and finally to the President himself.

There will be five classes of which Class I is the most important. This is the only class immediately liable to military duty. Class II will not be drawn until Class I is exhausted. Class III will

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not be drawn until Class II has gone to the trenches, etc. Unless we fight a long and terrifically exhausting war only Class I will see combat duty. The Army has no advance plans calling for more than 4,000,000 men in the Army —a total easily available in Class I.

Three criteria will determine your class. They are: (1) Dependents; (2) Occupation; (3) Physical Condition.

Generally speaking, those drafted into combat duty will be men without dependents, idle or working in unessential occupations, and in good health.

Let's look at a few specific cases based on the supposition that there's been a single mass registration of all men over 18:

1. Joe College. He's 21 and a star halfback at State College. He's majoring in physical education and the folks back home are giving him pocket money (State College is providing the rest of his living expenses). Does he go to war? *Answer:* Yes. Joe is in Class I on all counts—no dependents, unessential occupation, fine health.

2. John Doe. He's 30, married with two kids. He works in a publishing house where his wife used to be a reader. If worst comes to worst she probably could get her old job back. John wears glasses but his general health is good. Does he go to war? *Answer:* Not for three or four years, probably never. Only unmarried men or those not supporting their families get into Class I—the "combat class." John goes into Class II or Class IV, depending on whether the draft board thinks Mrs. Doe could support the family. Married men whose wives and families would be left without means of support automatically go into Class IV.

3. Ricardo Roe, the famous radio tenor. He is 32, unmarried. His feet are pretty flat and he contributes $10 a week to his parents (who also get an Old Age Pension). Does he go? *Answer:* Yes. Ricardo makes Class I. Despite his $500 weekly salary his occupation is not classed as essential. His feet are not congenitally flat and his parents have other means of support. He'll probably wind up giving concerts at cantonments.

4. "Sonny" Playboy, II. He is 28, suffers from stomach ulcers and is a director of three companies which his Grandpa used to run. He pays $750 a month alimony to two ex-wives. Does he go? *Answer:* Yes. He's not an es-

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sential executive of any of the companies (which would exempt him), his dividends will continue to support his ex-wives and his ulcers only give him a rating of "physically qualified when cured of slight defect."

5. John Jones, 37, unmarried, perfect health, manager of the Butter Co-operative at Cowpass Center, Iowa. Does he go? *Answer:* No. John is eligible for the trenches by age, marital status and health. But managers of "farm enterprises" such as the Cowpass Co-op automatically go into Class IV.

6. Henry Ford Smith, 21. Fine physical specimen, graduated from Columbia last June and hasn't yet got a job. Strong pacifist and announces he's a conscientious objector. What happens to Henry? *Answer:* Henry is in for an exceedingly rough time. He is fully qualified for combat service except for his peace beliefs. That means he will have to argue his case before an unsympathetic local draft board. If he agrees to serve in non-combat status his demand may be recognized (56,820 such demands out of 64,693 were recognized in the World War draft). If he refuses non-combat service the row will be protracted. Henry may be court-martialed. He will be examined by alienists. He doubtless will go to prison for the duration of the war and several years thereafter. He may even be sentenced to death (nineteen men were in the World War but the sentences were commuted).

7. Jim Doe. He's 32, single, fine health, a buyer for Macy's. Not wanting to go to war he gets married two days after the draft in an effort to claim deferred status. Does he go? *Answer:* Yes. Marriages after the draft do not affect classification unless there is a child or the wife is pregnant. Buyers don't rate as executives and retailing is classed as "a non-essential occupation."

8. Tom Smith, 40, unmarried, research chemist for large firm working on war orders. Fine health. Two months after the draft Smith gets into a row and is fired. What happens? *Answer:* He goes to war. As long as he held his job he was in Class III. When he lost it he became subject to draft immediately and the Chemical Warfare Section will doubtless grab him. Under the so-called "Work or Fight" policy persons lose their exempt status and become liable for duty as soon as they are unemployed.

9. Tom Brown, 24, perfect health, no dependents. Studying

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to be a minister at Podunk Bible College. Does he go? *Answer:* No. Theological students (also medical students) automatically fall in Class V, won't be called until everyone else has been called.

10. Diamond Jim Tote, 37, the world's best handicapper—half a dozen racetracks would fold without his services. Tobacco heart but otherwise healthy. Unmarried. What about him? *Answer:* He goes. Jim and all other racetrack employees fall into Class I unless they have dependents or are physically unqualified. Jim's fast heart isn't regarded seriously in the Army.

11. Tom Dbryniskwisz, 34, hale and hearty. Steel worker and union strawboss at Consolidated Steel & Wire which is making Army shells. Does Tom go? *Answer:* It all depends on Tom's boss. Tom qualifies physically and has no dependents but he's working in an industry that's virtually exempt from draft. Tom goes into Class II or III unless Consolidated wants to get rid of him—in which case they certify him "nonessential worker" and he goes.

12. Symington Stinx, 36, bespectacled, bachelor author of half a dozen best sellers. Has minor delusions of persecution but otherwise normal. Does he go? *Answer:* Yes, sir. Literary talent is not classified as essential by the Army. He goes into Class I but because his eye defect is serious he is rated for "limited service." The minor delusions are disregarded. If Symington knows a Congressman he will get a swivel-chair in Washington. If he doesn't, he'll do K.P. duty Over There.

That's "Selective Service" in operation.

If a man's questionnaire puts him in Class I, he is given a physical examination. Based on World War experience only one man in twenty will be rejected for physical disability. The Army will reject only those with serious ailments: blindness, deafness, serious heart condition, mental disorder, lack of limbs, etc. Near-sightedness, occasional heart palpitations, flat feet, etc., get a rating of "physically qualified when cured of slight defect."

What are the mathematic chances of being drafted?

Estimates vary but those in the 21-30 age group have the best chance of seeing the trenches. Douglas MacArthur, former Chief of Staff, estimated that of the 11,000,000 in this age group 4,000,000 would fall in Class I. That means odds of better than 1 to 3. However, the percentage was only

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about 25 per cent during the World War. In the whole World War draft 33 per cent fell in Classes II to IV and 14 per cent in Class V. Just under 40 per cent of all World War registrants placed in deferred classes won this rating because they had dependents. Physical impairment accounted for only 5.27 per cent.

You can count on about a year between the time you get into the Army and see front line service.

For the benefit of strong-willed individuals who propose to evade draft rather than fight, it might be said that chances of success are very slim. The Social Security system which now covers virtually all men of draft age will be employed to check evasion and certainly will hold it to a minimum.

One favorite question is this: How does one obtain assignment to a specific branch of the service —the Air Corps, Military Intelligence, a soft spot in Washington, the Navy, etc.?

Perhaps the surest way of picking your spot is to join the Reserves. That means immediate duty on M-Day but you do get a chance to select your assignment. Volunteers before the draft starts will also have some choice and even drafted men will be allowed to indicate what branch they prefer. But the sorting out of draftees will take months. During the World War the high command repeatedly combed combat troops in France to obtain needed specialists who had been assigned in bulk to the infantry.

American citizens resident abroad are exempt from draft registration but during the World War the United States signed treaties as fast as possible with her Allies which made U.S. and Allied citizens reciprocally eligible for draft. In practice, exemption through residence abroad would apply only in neutral countries.

Members of the Society of Friends (Quakers) and like sects which prohibit members from fighting will be subject to draft but will receive non-combat status upon application and certification.

Assuming that you are subject to draft, how soon would you expect to be called into service? Here is a provisional Army schedule in case of major war:

M-Day

1. Declaration of war.
2. Order for formal Mobilization of Regular Army, National Guard, Regular Army Reserve.
3. Introduction of Omnibus war bill (if not already before Congress).
4. Call for volunteers.

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Two Weeks after M-Day

1. Passage by Congress of Omnibus war bill.

One Month after M-Day

1. Completion of Regular Army, National Guard and Reserves Mobilization (known as Initial Protective Force).

2. Some 300,000 volunteers accepted for military duty.

3. Machinery for Universal Draft Registration virtually complete.

Two Months after M-Day

1. Universal Draft Registration complete; 100,000 draftees inducted into military service.

2. Additional 100,000 volunteers accepted for duty.

3. Suspension of volunteering.

Three Months after M-Day

1. First Army (1,000,000 men) complete with 730,000 men assigned in units and 270,000 training as replacements.

2. Draftees being assigned to Army at rate of 200,000 a month.

Eight Months to One Year after M-Day

1. First and Second Armies (2,000,000 men) complete.

2. Possible second draft registration.

There is one other provision which the Army has prepared for M-Day. It is interesting. It provides simply that:

"Any man can be reclassified and called when circumstances require."

Just ten words. But they mean that when M-Day comes—whatever your classification, no matter how many children you have, no matter how vital your job, nor how devastating your physical impairments—the Army can call you to face shot and shell. The Army will be Boss. That's what M-Day really means.—MICHAEL EVANS

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

MISS GLADYS MÜLLER, photographer of The Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, used to conduct a curious experiment in her portrait work. She would offer the sitter two prints—both made from the same negative but one of them reversed so that the image faced in a direction opposite to the normal one. Invariably, the sitter selected the reversed image as the better likeness.

The reason for the uniform result of this experiment is that we are accustomed to seeing our own face in a mirror, and in a mirror the image is always reversed. Consequently, everyone carries in his mind's eye a reversed picture of his face. As a professor of physics once observed, a man never learns to shave himself but learns to shave the man he sees in the mirror.

—HERBERT CLARK

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SMOKEHOUSE IN THE WOODS

HERITAGE OF THE OLD GERMANY IS A SECRET THAT MAKES TURKEYS TASTE LIKE AMBROSIA

UP NEAR Ossining, New York, the other day, an old Beidermeister German sat in a tiny office built out in the pine woods and fingered a batch of newly arrived telegrams.

Every now and then, he puffed at a heavy, silver-mounted and yellowed meerschaum pipe or stroked the old dog that lay beside him and occasionally he chuckled.

"More and more they come now," he said, pointing to the messages. "It was a long time. I think they never come. I am eighty-one years. But," he added quickly, "I am good strong yet."

He shoved the telegrams across the desk.

One was from Windsor Castle and bore the name of Queen Mary's personal chamberlain. One was from Charlie Chaplin in Beverly Hills. One was from the White House caterer in Washington. Others were from an American naval officer in the Canal Zone, a foreign consul in Honduras, J. P. Morgan in Newport, Myrna Loy in Hollywood, Edsel Ford in Dearborn and André Simon in London.

"Simon is one of the most famous gourmets in Europe. How do you suppose he heard of you?"

The old man dropped back seven decades for his answer. He began talking of the old Germany under the first Wilhelm. He told how, when he was a boy, Wilhelm and the Czar of Russia and the aristocrats of their courts had sent their stewards to his father's wattle-roofed house in Frankfort.

"Before, it was the same," he said. "My father had the only secret. One man tell another man. That man tell somebody again. Then, one day, everybody come. Ja."

He got up, took off his coat and vest and pulled on a dilapidated sweater.

"Come, I show you," he said.

We went outside. The dog got

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up and followed. The morning air was pungent with the smell of green applewood smoke. It was curling up from the open doors of two small, brick cubicles near by. We walked over to one of the little smokehouses and looked inside.

Two dozen or so plump, golden-brown turkeys hung from the roof on iron hooks. They swung around slowly, bathed in the mild, aromatic smoke. A gust of clean air from the pine woods swept in the door. The applewood branches crackled and the smoke swirled around the turkeys.

"They certainly look good," I said.

"You will find out," he said. "I give you one take home."

The fragrant smoke not only flavored but thoroughly cooked the turkeys, the old man explained. They went in at sunrise and came out, a finished delicacy, at sunset of the same day. There was one huge bird on the hooks now.

"That one," he said, "I will send to the Queen. She likes big turkey."

Two weeks ago, this big one had weighed forty-two pounds, a record weight. It had shrunk about one-half in the curing.

"Before the smoking is the curing," old Isaac Kamm said. "The curing makes the wonderful taste."

For two weeks, he went on, the turkeys rest in a sweet brine containing fourteen different herbs and spices. About half of these ingredients are not available in this country and must be ordered from Europe and Asia. The old man places the orders and mixes them himself with a connoisseur's sense of taste and smell. With his father long dead, only three men in the world know the secret of the brine.

"I tell two others here because I am old," he said. "I will not tell you but I will show you my brine."

We went over to a low building and entered a miniature refrigerating plant. Although a tiny chamber, it was modern to the last detail. Sterilizing rays of the kind now used in hospital surgery bathed the room in violet light. The thermometer stood at twenty degrees.

Along one wall was the curing vat, in white enamel. Kamm raised a section of the top. A hundred or so fine turkeys, dressed and trussed, rested in the brine. The only brine I had ever seen was the slushy, viscous brine in pickle barrels. This brine was so clear that you could see through to the turkeys at the bottom.

I put my finger in and tasted

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it. It had a faintly sweetish, tangy taste that made me think of autumn woods and nut brown ale.

Everything around was immaculate.

"Now I show you my fine turkeys," said Isaac Kamm.

We walked across a grassy clearing to a wired enclosure. Strutting among the trees were several hundred hens and gobblers. Some had pure white plumage. These were Holland Whites, Kamm explained. Those were Bourbon Reds, colored like Rhode Island Red chickens, Narragansetts, marked like the barred Plymouth Rock, and the more common Bronz variety.

The flock inside was on a growing feed of cracked wheat, corn, barley and rye. When seven months old, a turkey has 90 per cent of its growth and is ready for smoking. During the last four or five weeks, they are removed to shedded coops and given a finishing feed. It is the last word in poultry culture.

"I give them cod-liver oil, like baby," Kamm laughed. "Also special vitamins and hormones, very carefully. Make them nice and fat. Last thing, I test turkey all over, myself. Must have smooth skin and clear white color. Also full breast for plenty white meat. All straight bones. Ja! Must be perfect."

We walked back to the office after inspecting the coops. That was all there was of the amazing little plant. There was no noise of machinery and the silence around was broken only by the occasional gobbling of the flock or the old man's robust laughter. There was no sense of hurry or of pressure and yet method and order and pride of work were everywhere evident. Was this, I thought, a last, remaining symbol of the nineteenth-century craft ideal or was it the economists' dream of the decentralized cottage industry of the future where man again will live at peace with his work?

There was nothing else to see except the landscape of rolling, wooded hills and, far below in the valley, a vest-pocket lake sparkling in the sunlight. Isaac Kamm pointed it out. The lake, he said, had played a part in the strange chain of accidents which, against his will, had brought him out of obscurity as he was nudging eighty and had started the world on the path to his door.

In the village of Ossining, John Brown's de luxe meat market has catered for years to the carriage trade of the surrounding countryside. One day about six years ago,

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a limousine pulled up at Brown's market and an aged millionaire alighted and entered. It was the late Robert W. Schuette, retired lumber king, who was then spending his declining years in the pleasant hills above the Hudson.

The chauffeur followed him into the store, bearing a hamper. In the hamper was a cured turkey.

Schuette was somewhat of a gastronome. In his travels in Germany before the War, he had run across the legend of smoked turkey. He had looked up several famous goose smokers but had been unable to unearth the formula or find any trace of the descendants of the legendary Meyer Kamm. Recently he had engaged a German chef who thought he could concoct a satisfactory brine. The turkey in the hamper was the result.

Schuette explained that he had no facilities for smoking and asked John Brown to accommodate him.

"There is an old German who lives over in the hills," Brown said, "and he has a little smokehouse. I think he smokes turkeys for his own use sometimes. His name is Kamm, Isaac Kamm. Some call him 'Old Ike.'"

Schuette became excited. Had he searched Germany only to find Meyer Kamm's son a next-door neighbor in Ossining? He urged Brown to prevail upon the old man to smoke the turkey.

Brown saw Kamm and Kamm smoked the Schuette turkey and it didn't turn out so well.

"I knowed it," Kamm said, shaking his head. "Brine no good. You tell Mr. Schuette I smoke a turkey for him. Cure it myself."

The rich old man at once became the poor old man's ardent patron. Smoked turkey was introduced to week-end guests on the palatial Schuette estate. Schuette told Oscar of the Waldorf of his find and the Waldorf became a modest customer, ordering several turkeys a month for epicurean guests. He asked his two other favorite restaurants to keep the delicacy on hand, the Voisin on Park Avenue and the Old Cedar Chop House in the financial district. All jealously guarded the secret of where they got the tender, savory turkeys.

Just as the ball was beginning to roll, Kamm's patron died. The three restaurants continued to order in small quantities but would tell no one where the turkey could be obtained. Three years ago, Kamm was still smoking half-a-dozen turkeys a week. He was satisfied. He and his wife were getting old, he had laid up a little

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and decided it was about time to retire and do a little fishing.

But the Ossining region is full of retired businessmen with a taste for epicurean fare and leisure to seek it out and the story of smoked turkey now turns to a second one. This one had made a satisfactory competency out of electric illuminating devices, had suffered a breakdown in the process and had retired in early middle life. He had never heard of his neighbor Kamm and hadn't known Schuette, but he was a favored patron of the Old Cedar Chop House and there he tasted smoked turkey, sliced cold and served with a bottle of claret.

Max Blitzer went back to Ossining with Kamm's address in his pocket. But when he located him, the old man was obdurate. Spring had come and he was going fishing. Besides, smoking was about over until fall, for Kamm, having no refrigerating plant, only smoked in the cold months.

"Come back in October," he said and then asked Blitzer to go fishing with him.

Blitzer went then and many other times that summer but as companionable as they became over perch and bass, the subject of turkey was taboo.

Dill was the open sesame to the old man's heart. He loved dill pickles and delighted to cure them in his own brine. But of late he had had trouble finding dill. By chance, Blitzer grew it on his own place. One day he called for Kamm with a large bunch of the fragrant herb. The old man buried his nose in the dill, laughed delightedly and exclaimed:

"Now I smoke turkey for you."

So Isaac Kamm came out of retirement. Blitzer put up the capital for a model little plant and a pure-strain breeding flock. They named the place Pinesbridge Farm. Restored to health, Blitzer, a modest man who remains in the background, takes care of the business detail. Old Kamm supervises, as always, every step of the production. They are friends and partners with identical ideas. Neither wants a large, high pressure business. And neither will sacrifice quality for quantity.

This year Pinesbridge Farm will smoke and ship out about 6,000 turkeys. Two will go each month, on a standing order, to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, for Wally is ardently fond of the smoked national bird.

President Roosevelt has started serving it chopped in with his favorite scrambled eggs for Sunday night supper. William Knudsen

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of General Motors, F. H. Prince of Armour & Company, Booth Tarkington and picture stars Lanny Ross, Claude Rains and Anita Loos are devotees.

Those who have enjoyed smoked turkey are agreed that its taste eludes description. There are palatal overtones and undertones as fugitive as the intimations of a symphony. It is not overly rich or gamy, nor yet too dry. To add a condiment of any sort would be gilding the lily since its curing in herbs and spices has provided a seasoning in perfect balance. For this reason, its devotees insist that it be eaten cold, in slices, with only ground black pepper added to taste. Some, however, like it chopped in cream or done into a casserole dish, hot.

Applewood is the only wood, according to Kamm, which can be used for the smoking.

The smoking of meats goes back to Revolutionary times in America. Hickory wood and "cold" smoke was used and the meat so treated was said to be "jerked." The commercial smoking of hams and sausages today has little in common with the Kamm process.

Isaac Kamm, old Beidermeister and last of the great turkey smokers, has been in America sixty-four years and 'round about Ossining thirty-five. Years ago he gave up trying to interest Americans in smoked turkey and to make a living bought and fattened cows on his little farm.

For years he dreamed of revisiting Frankfort but he never wants to return to Hitler's Germany. He would like to cure a turkey in arsenic and send it to the Fuehrer.

The world is smiling at him now but it has not changed him. The laugh wrinkles gather about his eyes as he talks and puffs at his ancient meerschaum. At eighty-one he still has his glass of Schnapps before lunch and his stein of lager, sitting with his seventy-eight-year-old wife in the evening before the old tiled stove in their immaculate kitchen.

He is still up at sunrise and with his turkeys. Those at Pinesbridge Farm know that he will not be hurried, even for the Queen or Charlie Chaplin. Nor will he depart a hair's breadth from the slow and exact routine which is producing one of the world's great delicacies.

Perhaps it is because of these virtues, arising from a modest life, that Emerson's parable of the man who made the better mouse-trap is being rewritten today in the hills of the Hudson.

—Holman Harvey

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SO SAYS THE LAW

Things Blackstone Never Knew

WHEN Emil Firpo, wrestler, was bounced out of the ring in an East St. Louis, Illinois, arena, a spectator "tapped him one," inflicting a cut from chin to eye.

Now Firpo, accustomed and resigned to physical damages from his legitimate opponents, held no one else had the right to maul him. So he sued Spectator William Crenshaw for unjustifiable assault. And the city court awarded him $1200 damages.

AFTER twelve months of married life, Mrs. Helen Clare Buchanan decided the husband who had told her he was a sunburned Scotsman was, instead, an Indian *au naturel*. So she left him. Ten years later she sued to have her marriage annulled.

Indians may not testify against white persons, according to an early California law, began her counsel Gus K. Burgren. Neither may the Chinese—because, rules California, they are Indians.

If the Chinese are Indians, then the Indians are Chinese, argued Burgren. And since the Chinese are Mongols, that makes Mongols of the Indians too. So a third law, barring marriage between white persons and Mongols, applies as well to Indians.

Therefore, summed up her counsel, marriage between white Mrs. Buchanan and her Indian-Mongol spouse was illegal, Q.E.D. And appreciating the geometric development of this argument, Superior Court Judge John J. van Nostrand granted the desired annulment.

HOW responsible is the brewer for the behavior of corks in his bottled products, Federal Judge Fee in Portland, Oregon, was asked to decide.

Beer is expected to contain gas sufficient to exert considerable pressure. (If it didn't, that would be cause for complaint, said the Judge.) The gas, therefore, is legitimately present. And the cap removed, it is inevitable the cork will pop.

So since the presence of gas was known, and the cap, until removed, had held the cork in place, and the cork had acted only as expected, obviously nothing had gone wrong. Then there was no sign of negligence. And the popping cork that hit John A. Winkler of Klamath Falls in the eye was not the fault of the Star Brewing Company.

And the brewing company's demurrer to Mr. Winkler's suit for damages was sustained. He may not sue.

—ARTHUR R. CHILDS

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PORTRAIT OF VICTOR KEPPLER

IN A PROFESSION OF FINE-SPUN THEORISTS, HE EMERGES AS A PILLAR OF PRACTICALITY

WHEN an agency wants a picture of the proverbial blind man in a dark room looking for the black cat that isn't there—it sends for Victor Keppler.

Keppler is photography's No. 1 Boy to the impossible. He may have to go on safari through the Jersey marshes. He may have to climb the perisphere. He may have to spear Grover Whalen—but he brings back the picture.

Keppler is one of photography's best modern technicians—and its most articulate authority on color.

He hides behind an oversize mustache. He wears a permanent cigar across the left side of his face—like a chocolate scar. His eyes are both mongoloid and sparkling. He looks like a cross between Harpo Marx, Dr. Fu Manchu, and your grandfather's tintype. His face has a dual personality. His eyes grin while the mustache gnashes its teeth.

The mustache belies his thirty-five years. You feel that he should either add more years or file a few bristles.

Keppler became a photographer gradually. "My old man," he said, "wanted me to be a doctor. But one day, in biology class, I had to dissect a cat." That ended medicine. "Also," he added, "my stomach."

He has less hokum and affectation about him than any other man in the photographic profession. This is a blanket statement, carefully weighed.

Photography is strewn with the bodies of trained poodles. One man is dedicated to "beauty." Another to "spirit." A third to "life in its moments of change." One won't enlarge, another won't develop, and a third won't make any prints until platinum paper comes back on the market.

Keppler works among these like an engineer at a power lathe in the fitting room of Schiaparelli.

He knows his photography as an art, as a science, as a business.

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PORTRAIT IN PASTEL

of the Flatiron Building
er backwards. "Today,"
"that would be a great
They'd call it surrealism.

Then, the only thing people could say was, 'It's falling over backwards.' "

With another boy, he started a

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GIRL WITH CORSAGE

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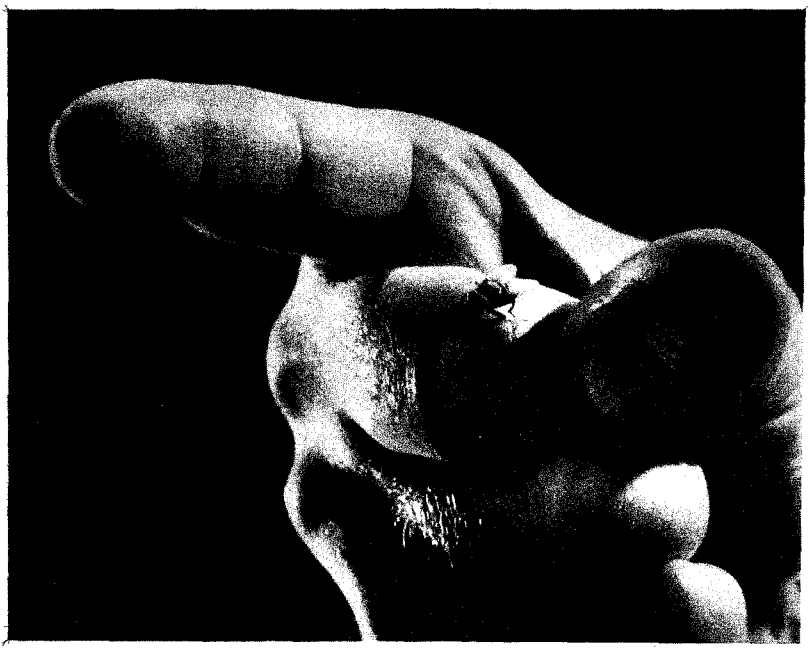

THE FLY

Actually, this finger is supposed to be pointing the way to better whiskey. The fly is an accident—Nature's attempt to horn in on a good thing. Sinister though it was, the client was fascinated with the fly and ran it in the advertisement for its attention value.

business: developing pictures for the drug store. They used his house's basement for a dark room.

Little Keppler's mother took him to the country; that closed the business.

High school came on. Keppler joined the school's camera club, and became president. He ran errands. The brow-sweat nickels bought photographic plates.

The next year he launched an ambitious program. He swung a merger of all the high school camera clubs in the country: the Intercollegiate Camera Clubs of America—or variations thereof.

This guild was given an official exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Prizes were awarded the anonymously-hung shots. One of Keppler's prints

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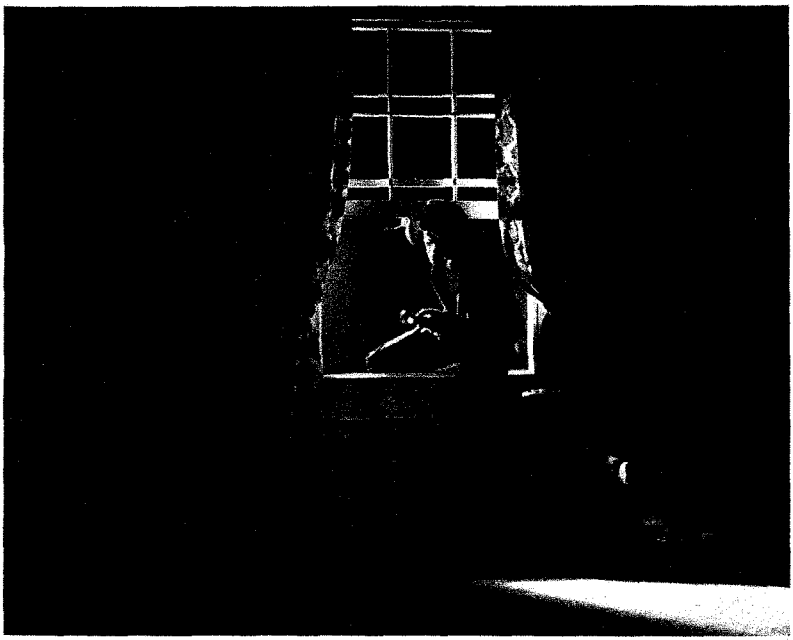

THE BLACK LIGHT

This spectacular shot was one in a series of advertisements aimed at a high point of human interest and drama. The contrast in lighting and space balance is especially striking. This photograph was one reason the series received the 1938 Harvard Advertising Award.

took first prize; a second took third.

Now inspired, he made himself a camera with a pinhole for a lens. Promptly he won another prize—$1,000 in cash.

Time passed. He went through City College. His family had hopes. But the cat killed medicine. Law dried itself up. Keppler lost to the ne'er-do-welldom called Art.

He spent two years at the New York University Law School, then read the fatal want ad that landed him a ten-dollar-a-week job—factotum for one Robert Waida, photographer from Japan.

The coolie system was in force *chez* Waida. Keppler took the pictures, swept the floor, cooked the sukiyaki and washed the dishes.

One day he took a deep breath

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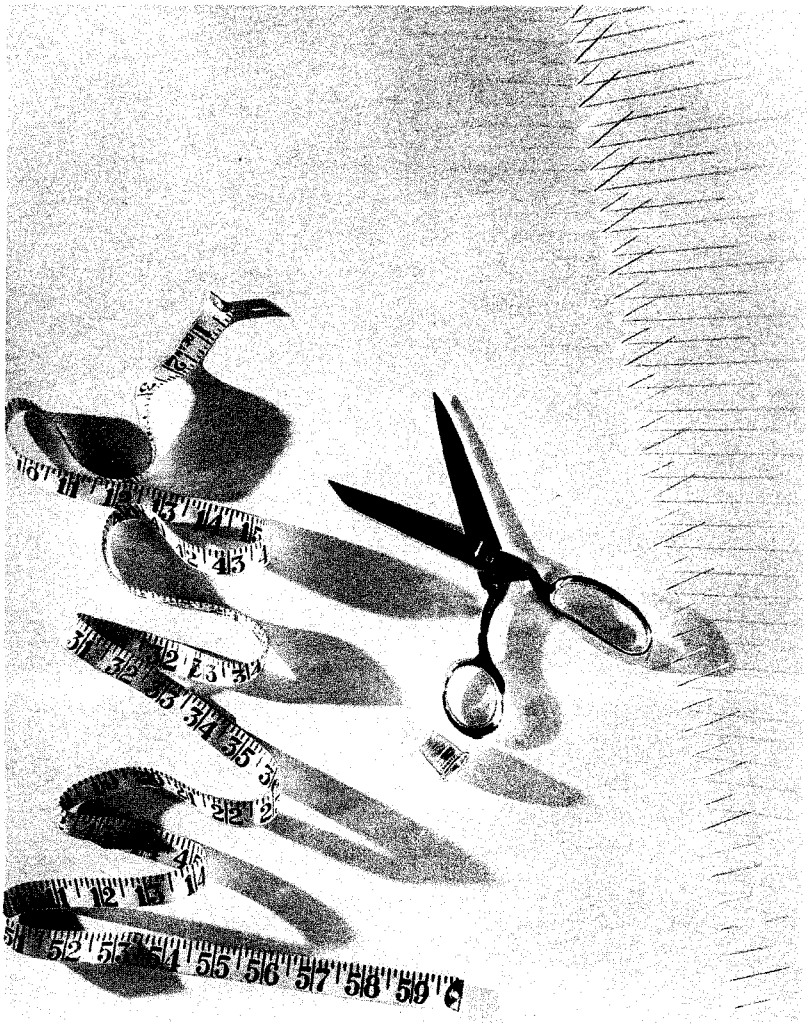

A WOMAN'S TOOLS

This is an example of the rhythmic designs that made Keppler famous. The materials are extremely simple, depending for their unusual effect on the imaginative placement of the objects and carefully planned dramatic lighting. It is composition for its own sake.

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AMATEUR SNAPSHOT

Keppler took this picture with a $1.98 box camera. The problem was to prove that in competent hands any camera can take an outstanding picture. Cost of camera, model, equipment and supplies: $2.07. Mrs. Keppler posed; this is the photographer's favorite shot of her.

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and struck out. He pulled political strings and landed up as fingerprint photographer in the magistrate's court.

Here he snapped thousands of fingers.

Time crept on; he got married and worried. Art was long and Michelangelos are not made with a fingerprint camera.

One day a given political figure asked Keppler to make a set of pictures of his stuffed animal collection. Keppler asked him if he just wanted them fingerprinted.

The next day an order was okayed for an 8 x 10 studio camera, plates, plateholders, lights. Keppler unbuttoned his collar, licked his chops.

He worked days. He worked nights. He began repeating to himself *à la* Coué: "If you work hard enough long enough you can learn all there is to know about whatever you want to know."

Halfway along on this romantic notion, he turned out a type of work he felt was salable. He pasted up his samples. Then came the long heel-cooling period, waiting outside art directors' doors.

From time to time, the house painters mistook him for part of the decorations.

One day to get rid of the transfixed Keppler, an art director handed him this problem: photograph spinach in a white saucer on a white plate on a white cloth —and make it make the customer's mouth water.

Keppler stayed up all night. By dawn the print of the spinach was luring in Japanese beetles.

The next day he delivered his picture, dripping at the mouth himself. Said the director: "It's all a joke. I didn't think you could do it."

Keppler churned his drippings to foam.

The director had a twinge of conscience. He had to prove that there is after all some good in the best of us. "Here," he said, "is a real job."

Keppler was launched.

"I had already saved up four hundred bucks," he said. "So I threw up the fingerprint job and opened a collapsible studio on West 50th Street."

The studio was called "collapsible" because at night the shelves folded back, the dark room became a bathroom—the rest of the place living quarters. Keppler himself slept on a tripod.

He landed a cigarette account, among other things, and gained momentum. Soon he moved to "The Aquarium," a 52nd Street speakeasy designed by Stanford

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White—the man blamed for all the baroque in mauve New York.

At night shades of White seemed to hang over the place—possibly because of the models. Keppler had a Negro helper named Willie. Like the Dies Committee, Willie saw things no one else could see. Many a night Willie saw Stanford White open the window and walk in.

★ ★ ★

In this period, Keppler did two things: he developed spectacular commercial shots, capitalizing on possibilities the products had for arrangement in geometric and rhythmic designs; he experimented with color.

Two results followed: his business grew, he became proficient at color.

At last he was ready to move in on big-scale production. He piled up his money in a bank, hired a de luxe studio, ordered thousands of dollars' worth of equipment.

Then the banks closed.

When the fog lifted, Keppler was established in the Beaux Arts Building, bolstered with more gadgets than a gangster's automobile. He put up so many lights the place was often mistaken for a Christmas tree. He built a camera into a moving crane . . . and swung himself into the up and up.

Work came in on a conveyor belt.

★ ★ ★

Keppler has a standard and emphatic piece of advice to give all cameramen: "When you are ready to shoot your picture, stop. Don't shoot. Think about it."

As for himself—he shoots his head off. "I know it's foolish," he says. "I advise against it—but I'm just an amateur at heart."

He throws science and precision in the face of old dogmas. Paul Strand, for example, claims that enlarging destroys the tonal texture of a picture. Keppler maintains it's all nonsense. "I defy you to tell the difference," he says, "between my enlargements and straight contact prints. I'll go even further. The enlargements are better. They give you opportunity for more control. Even Rembrandt had to improve on nature."

He is ready to go to the mat with the so-called "f. 64 School" —the breathless group that aims at pictures needle-sharp from foreground to horizon.

"It seems to me," says Keppler, "that the yardstick for a picture is natural vision. Now the eye doesn't see everything in focus. There is no reason to demand it in a photograph."

About equipment he is unor-

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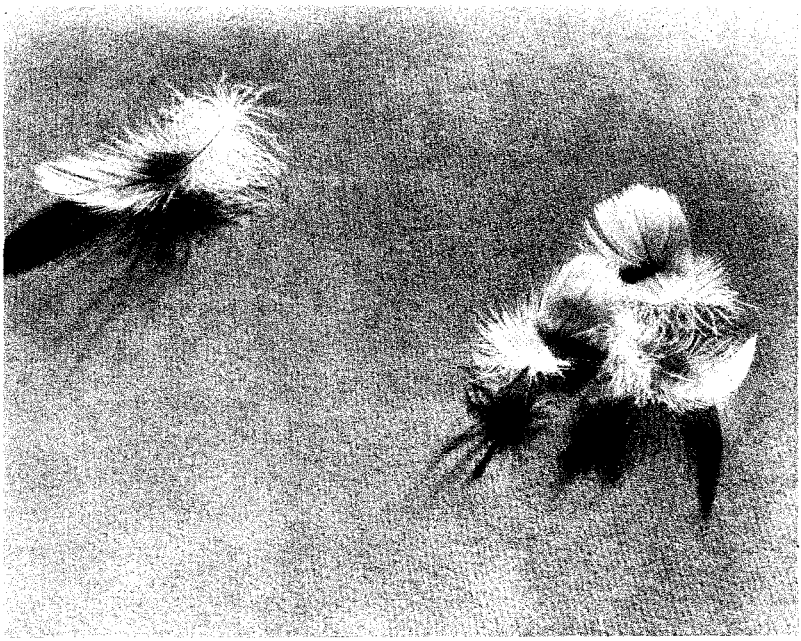

FINE FEATHERS

Another example of Keppler's ability to add imagination to nothing and produce something. It required more than an hour to select feathers of the right quality. That accomplished, corrugated rhythms, corner-to-corner placement and cross-lighting did the rest.

thodox. He uses a dozen cameras —a Devin one-shot color camera, 8 x10 view camera, 2¼ x 3¼ Graflex, Zeiss Super Ikonta B, Korelle Reflex, Rolleiflex. He has published sharp, dramatic shots made with a drug store Brownie.

He thinks amateurs shouldn't worry about equipment. "Too little is better than too much. The same thing," he says, "goes for lights. The amateur shouldn't worry because he hasn't lights. Daylight is the best light anyway."

When the notion takes him, he will walk into a formal agency conference in his working sweat-shirt, a two days' beard framing a big, black cigar. "Here," he says, "are the pictures."

And there they are. The clients gasp a testimonial—and put the

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SANDY HAIR

Keppler takes great delight in shooting pictures that have nothing to do with the subject. This languorous nymph, lolling on the sands of the concrete studio, is advertising shoes. Keppler's theory, demonstrated in practice, is that an exciting picture proves any point.

rest down to artistic temperament.

★ ★ ★

In the summing up, this should be added: Keppler stands out as an exceptional workman in a field that has done most of its leaning on the East Wind.

His color is making the old-timers' look like ten-cent chromolithographs of a three-quarters religious painter. His imagination and ability has made "It-can-be-done-Keppler" honor-slang among Boy Scouts.

And this has had its effect on the trade. A lensman can't get by any more by thumping his thorax and saying, "I feel it here." Nowadays there is practically no place a man can throw a decent epileptic fit in peace.

—Robert W. Marks

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UNTOUCHABLE

SOLE COMPENSATION FOR THE LOWLY FOOTBALL REFEREE IS THE ONE FORM OF LIFE EVEN LOWER

"YOUR name, you say, is Elmer Gooch. And what is your occupation?"

"I'd rather not say. In every man's life there are things . . . "

"Come, come, Mr. Gooch. You are among friends."

"I'm never among friends. But if I've got to tell, why I'm a—well, I'm a—football referee."

"What kind of a person are you?"

"I'm an unlovely character. Just ask anybody."

"Is that all?"

"I should say not. I'm dumb, too. Most of the time I'm just standing around out there on the field in a mental fog. Where did anybody ever get the idea that I know anything about football?"

"I'm afraid I can't answer. But, physically, I imagine, you're all right."

"Listen to the man! I'm as blind as a bat. Why, that guy out there was a good two yards offside when the ball went into play. I don't see anything that happens!"

"How about your personal honesty?"

"Frankly, I'm a robber. No matter what side of the stadium you're sitting on, I'm probably getting money from the other side."

"Do you know anything about the rules?"

"I haven't cracked a rule book since the days of the old flying wedge. What am I doing outside a psychopathic ward, anyway? I'm nuts."

"I had no idea."

"I didn't either, until I heard people talking."

"I imagine you have difficulty retaining your self-respect."

"Yea, I do. That is, except during the spring and summer."

"And what do you do in the spring and summer to regain your self-respect?"

"I go to baseball games and yell at the umpires. And are they stupid! Why, listen . . . "

—DOUG WELCH

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"Sleep" by Alexander Brook

A PORTFOLIO OF AMERICAN PRINTS

"ONE of the most conspicuous occurrences . . . in the whole field of contemporary expression is the rise of American art to a position of world-wide ascendancy. . . . A battle has been waged and won, a decisive victory over provincial ignorance, anemic imitation, cheap internationalism. . . . Only the other day, it seems, our artists . . . were ashamed of the American label. . . . Today . . . there is not a self-respecting artist in this country who is not eager to contribute." The statement is that of Thomas Craven, and it stands in his introduction to *A Treasury of American Prints*, published by Simon and Schuster. It is a statement worth re-reading. It points out the founding of a distinctly American school, it heralds our "cultural declaration of independence," it acclaims the communication of America to Americans. But these statements are more than merely words. They are words that generously prove the pudding in the eating—with reproductions of one hundred of the finest contemporary etchings and lithographs. A group of these significant prints is shown here, with captions borrowed from Mr. Craven's comments on them in the book.

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HONORARY DEGREE BY GRANT WOOD

Here caricatured is a disagreeable American vice: glorification of the second-rate by mumbo jumbo. The healthy hatred of sham behind this lithograph is eloquent. Note the stance of the magnifico handing Mr. Dope his diploma. Is it not the very essence of petty importance? And is not the entire vacuity of the Dope himself expressed in his flat-footed, well-fed posture?

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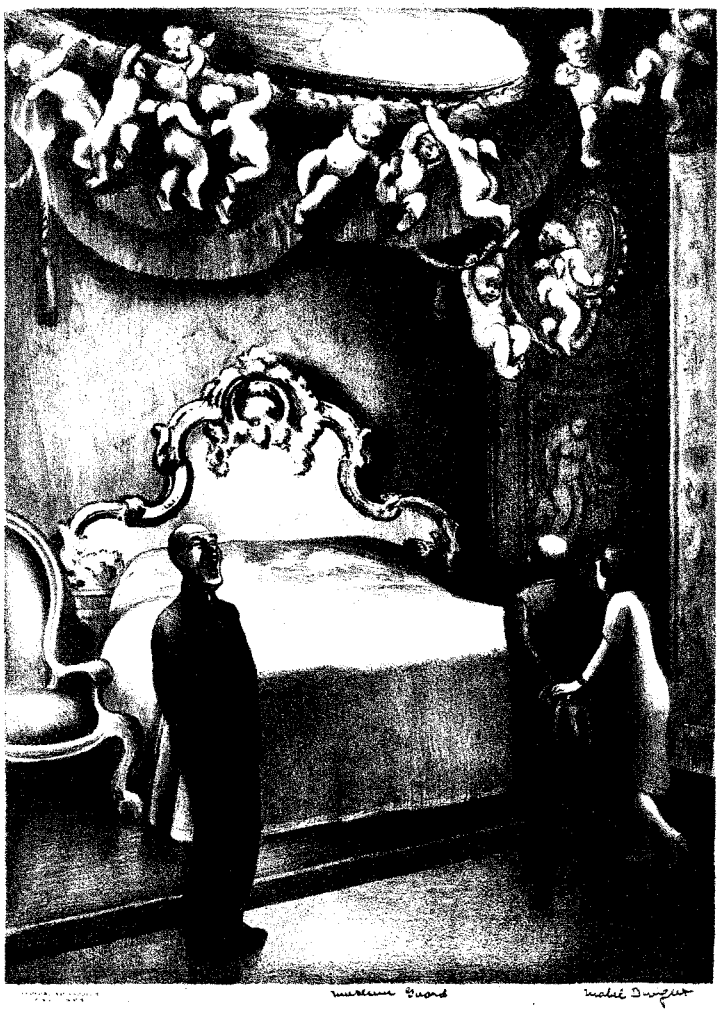

MUSEUM GUARD BY MABEL DWIGHT

Mabel Dwight provides her own story of *Museum Guard:* "While working in the Metropolitan Museum, I used to talk with the guards. They told me how tired they became from long hours of standing. I made the sketch for this lithograph in the Venetian Room. The ornate bed and the yawning armchairs back of a man nearly dead with weariness struck me as absurd."

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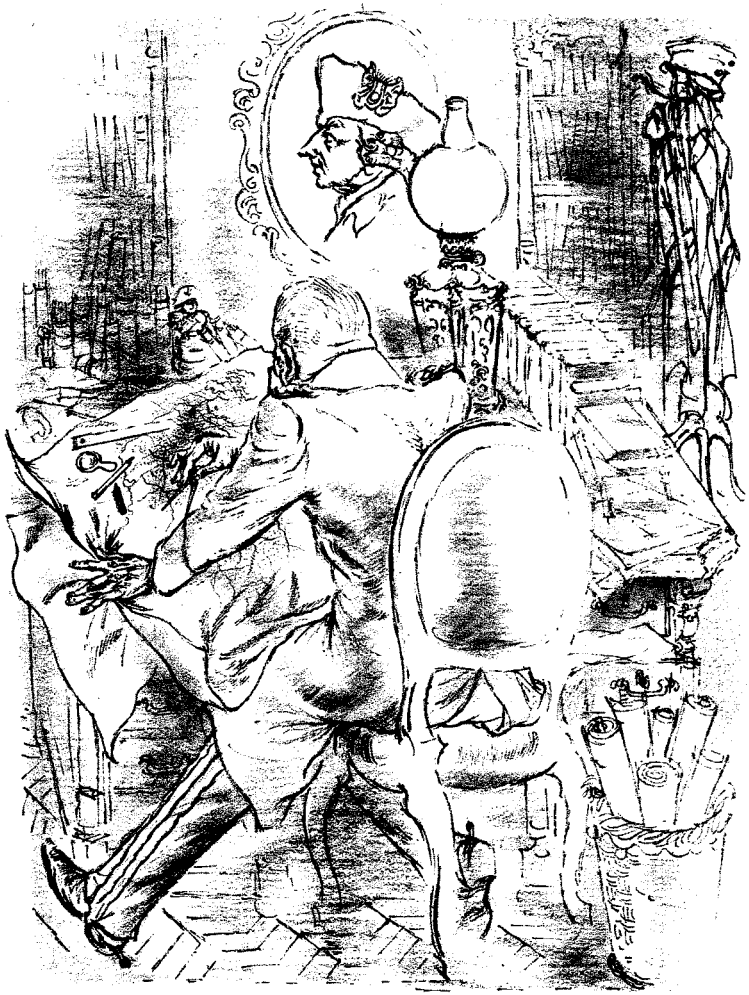

THE GENERAL BY GEORGE GROSZ

Not of course in the American tradition but a worthy companion to the work of native artists is this drawing by a German transplanted to America. *The General* is an imposingly repellent figure—the type of officer who is frowning over the strategic puzzles of the current world war. One can almost sense what is going on in the regions above the creased, bull neck.

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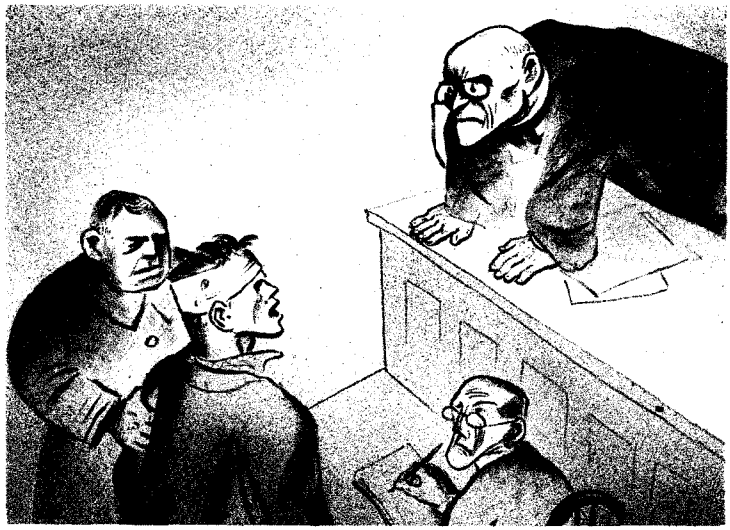

THE JUDGE BY WILLIAM GROPPER

Here, in *The Judge*, one of America's most powerful illustrators portrays a modern example of the notorious "hanging judges" of the seventeenth century. The prisoner at the bar is not less browbeaten than the court stenographer, who must have the judge as a daily diet. Only the policeman preserves his stolidity.

Opposite page, above. Curry is fascinated by animals. These three are vessels of the most violent action, and there is real untrammeled ferocity in this vivid Kansas night scene of a cornered coyote. The long, lean anatomy of the combatants is effective in enhancing the rapid movement of the composition.

Opposite page, below. Benton's exhaustive study of the masters of the past, far from injecting academic dead-letter into his work, has swung him into the great tradition. In *Frankie and Johnny* he has produced one of his most vigorous lithographs. It throbs with action. Primarily, it is exciting, which it is meant to be.

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HOUNDS AND COYOTE BY JOHN STEUART CURRY

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY BY THOMAS BENTON

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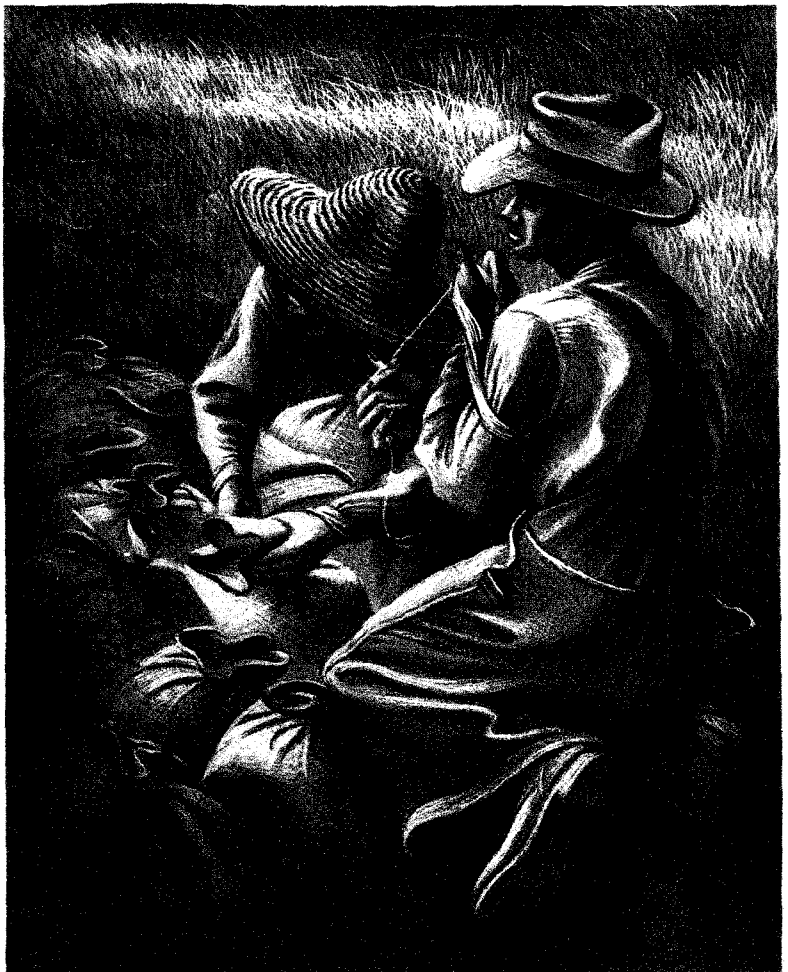

MISSOURI WHEAT FARMERS BY JOE JONES

This print makes brilliant use, in building up a handsome design, of such paraphernalia as a thick-soled shoe, a round straw hat and a crushed felt one, overalls and wheat bags. Extreme simplification of texture and outline, a brilliant use of light producing almost sculptural shadows, make Mr. Jones's comment on two men at rather dull work a beautiful picture to see.

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GOOD FEET FOR LIFE

FEW REALIZE THAT SANE CARE OF THE FEET IS TRULY THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD HEALTH

WE HAVE become so health conscious of recent years that we have our hearts tested regularly, spend long and painful hours in dental chairs, and starve ourselves on dry toast and string beans to keep adipose tissue from accumulating where it shouldn't. But do we pay any attention to what might be termed the very foundation of bodily health? Do we worry about the condition of those all-important members which support us, carry us about, make it possible for us to earn our daily bread, and bear the brunt of the physical tortures we dignify by the name of recreations? In other words, do we give a thought to our feet? Not at all; or certainly not until we have developed a crop of corns and bunions or have begun to feel those sharp, shooting pains which give notice that our arches are getting ready to call it a day.

We give our feet no more care than we reserve for our elbows, say, or any of the lesser known parts of the body such as the lumbar vertebrae or the posterior cranial fossa.

Poor old reliable dogs! They do their work so well and so unfailingly — up to a certain point — that we take them for granted. We give them no chance to function as nature intended they should. We lace them up in stiff containers which seldom fit as well as they might, and which have soles like boiler plate. We stand on them all day long and then put them through a strenuous evening devoted to the rhumba, the shag, and the boomps-a-daisy. We slosh them around in water and snow, freeze them, boil them, bruise them, skin them. When they accumulate calluses, blisters or abrasions, we grunt and wait for them to cure themselves. We compress our toes, which were designed for gripping and spreading, into airless, funnel-shaped prisons. In fact, we treat our feet like sta-

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tion wagons, overloading them, driving them over any kind of rough surface, never thinking of having them overhauled or repaired or tuned up; until inevitably some day they just quit cold.

The foot is not a general utility object to be treated like the old shoe which frequently encases it. On the contrary, it is a delicate piece of mechanism, one of nature's real masterpieces. Designed for many and varied functions, it is as exquisitely adjusted as the workings of the most expensive watch. To treat the sensitive, complicated human foot with such lack of care is on a par with using a fine diamond to open a can of pork and beans.

This tendency to neglect the highly important pedal appendage is rapidly turning us into a flat-footed race, and making the fallen arch more common than bleached hair. Don't let yourself be deceived by the trimness of the average foot as seen on display. That is all in the neatness of the modern shoe. Under two-thirds of those stylish vamps are bones which have been shoved out of position and muscles which shrink with pain after a few hours of use. There are eighty million incipient cripples in this country, say our competent medical authorities.

Although a delicately concerted combination, the foot has a remarkable degree of durability. It takes from five to ten years of consistent neglect and ill treatment to ruin it. What is more, the careless owner may receive no intimation of what is happening until the final stages of the debacle. This is the main reason why things are allowed to reach such a pass. If only the astragalus would put up some kind of an argument when we decide on another eighteen holes, or the metatarsal joint would pipe up a protest about those new shoes which look so swell and fit so badly! If only our feet would not be so darned decent about the whole thing and would put up an occasional holler over the raw deal we hand them, it would be much easier to apply remedies before the damage has been done.

We should be particularly careful of our feet for two reasons, quite apart from the general desire for comfort and ease. First, the nervous system of the whole body can be thrown out of gear by trouble in the area of locomotion. Some specialists are convinced that many of the nervous and muscular diseases have their start in the upsetting effect of dislocations at the base of things.

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Certainly good health is impossible when the system is subjected to steady nervous attrition. The second reason is that your capacity for satisfactory performance in business is in direct ratio to the health of your feet. You must march, not hobble, to success.

The prevalence of foot trouble is due in some degree to the attitude of general medical practitioners. How often are you asked, "Are you taking any care of your feet?" Frequently muscular aches and pains are regarded as the beginnings of rheumatism or arthritis when they are in reality advance notices of trouble in the transportation department. In fairness it must be pointed out that the initial diagnosis is made difficult by the fact that infections in teeth and tonsils will often manifest themselves first by pains in the feet. However, it is an easy matter to have the feet examined at the same time that you have your yearly check made on the vital organs of the body. It should be done without fail.

The arch of the foot is the seat of all the trouble. Bunions, which are buckled joints, can be very painful; but it is only when the twelve bones, forming the structure of the ankle and foot, begin to lose their hair-trigger adjustment that the real difficulties set in. Fortunately broken arches, so called, are due to dislocations and not to actual breakages of the bones. Except in cases where the trouble has been allowed to run so long that the bone structure is completely out of kilter, the cure is neither very difficult nor complicated. In fact, the intense suffering the human race endures because of faulty feet is entirely unnecessary. It is more easily preventable, and more susceptible to a simple cure, than almost any other form of bodily ill.

Troubles arise from any one of four causes, or a combination of them: the wrong kind of shoes, improper positions in walking and standing, lack of exercise, and weaknesses in the leg muscles.

There is no excuse any longer for wearing the wrong kind of shoes. The right kind of shoe can be just as trim and attractive as the wrong kind. Even women, who would rather suffer untold tortures than appear in public with ungainly footgear, can find fits which please the eye and at the same time meet health requirements. The right kind of shoe has a straight inner line, sufficient length, and heels that are not too high and narrow. If women would only learn that it is wrong to wear

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high heels more than a third of the time, their troubles in the shoe line would be over. A high heel, well built over the instep, is not harmful if worn in moderation. Unfortunately, most members of the fair sex slip their feet into shoes with heels like railroad spikes as soon as they get up, and keep them in unnatural captivity until the orchestra begins to pack up in the small hours of the morning. During the working hours of the day, the feminine foot should be encased in well-fitted oxfords. To wear high heels when much walking is necessary is not only bad for the health but undignified and even ridiculous.

It is advisable to change shoes regularly, never wearing the same pair two days in succession. In this connection, the present day tendency to provide open spaces for feminine toes and heels is admirable because it provides perfect ventilation.

The inner part of the foot provides the spring mechanism while the outer portion is built to bear the weight of the body. This division of responsibility dictates the positions which are proper for both walking and standing. The toes should be turned out as little as possible. Savages, who depend for food and safety on their speed and sureness, always travel with their feet planted straight ahead. To be slightly pigeon-toed, in fact, is more natural than to walk with the toes pointed out. The same applies to posture in standing. It may not be graceful but it is both sensible and comfortable to turn in the toes of the weight-bearing foot.

When I was a boy I came in for a lot of derisive comment because I walked like an Indian. I was quite sensitive about it, not realizing that this way I had of putting my feet down straight made me a good walker. I thought nothing of jaunts of from ten to twenty miles, and I would come back from them feeling chipper and fresh. I passed my twenty-fifth year, which is the period when foot trouble begins for most people, with a pair of mud hooks (slang of the day, now obsolete) which were perfectly healthy.

However, the business of sitting at a desk all day long began for me then. For years, the only walking I did was when I sauntered from one office to another or sallied out for a street car. It never occurred to me that this sedentary routine would take a muscular toll. I remained supremely confident that my heels would eat up the miles again any time that I

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found myself back on a country road.

I received the necessary awakening in time. I had taken my family to a summer camp in eastern Ontario. One Sunday the news that unexpected guests were arriving in two hours caught us with a larder not stocked beyond family requirements. We had neither telephone nor automobile. The supply boat did not run on Sundays and the nearest store was five miles away.

"Five miles?" I said, airily. "That's just nothing at all. I'll walk in and get what we need. I'll be back well under the two hours."

The path led through woods at first, with springy sod underfoot. At the start I breezed along like Natty Bumpo or the Deerslayer. During the second mile, however, I began to slow up. I apologized to myself by thinking, "I'll catch my second wind and then I'll be all right." But I never did catch my second wind. The third mile was negotiated painfully and rather slowly. My leg muscles were beginning to ache. I could tell that I was raising a fine crop of blisters.

It took me a good hour and a half to cover the five miles to the store. I hired a rig to get me back.

I realized that I ought to see a doctor about this reversal of form and, fortunately, I went to one who understood what many general practitioners still refuse to recognize, the importance of the feet in relation to general health.

"You're completely out of condition," he reported after an examination. "You must go in for regular exercises from now on. But that's not all. You've got to give your feet something to do. They weren't put on the ends of your legs just to fill out a pair of shoes. One of the most important things I know of is to keep the feet in good trim. Half the aches and pains in the world would be eliminated if people would only learn to look after their feet properly."

He gave me some feet exercises which I followed faithfully. In fact, I have continued to use them off and on ever since. I have had the use of these feet of mine now for a good many years and, although they have had to do most of their walking on city pavements, they have been steady and capable performers. I have never had an ache or a pain since, never raised a corn, never had occasion for any kind of treatment.

The exercises he recommended to me then are still, I find, the best that medical science has

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evolved for the purpose. You begin with non-weight-bearing movements, such as rotating the whole foot and moving the great toes in circles. Then you place the foot on a board or over the edge of a chair and work the toes up and down as far as they will go. This should be done twenty or thirty times twice daily.

Although it is not always included in the exercises, it is useful to practice picking up objects from the floor with your toes. At first you will find it hard to do this but don't excuse yourself by thinking it proves how far removed you are from the immediate ancestors of the human race. Instead it should be accepted as proof that civilized toes are falling into uselessness because we are giving them nothing to do.

The best weight-bearing exercises begin with the feet placed well apart, the toes turned inward and gripping the floor firmly. Without bending the knees or moving the feet, rotate the thighs outward by contracting the muscles at the back. The second movement is to rise slowly on your toes, again without bending the knees, throwing your weight on the outer sides of the feet by raising them inside. Both movements should be repeated a score of times twice a day.

It is all very simple and easy. Just give your feet a chance to function naturally. There is no excuse for the saying we hear so frequently, "My feet are simply killing me!" Common sense care will save you from such pain and discomfort.

People who are beginning to experience trouble in the metatarsal zone should give heed to what the employment head of one of the largest corporations in the United States has to say on the subject: "More than 60 per cent of people earn their living standing. I never hire anyone who cannot pass a rigid foot test. It stands to reason that you cannot be efficient if you are in constant discomfort. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and human beings are no better than their feet." —THOMAS B. COSTAIN

DEFINITION

NICHOLAS CHAMFORT, the misanthropic genius, was once asked for his definition of a beautiful woman. "A beautiful woman," he replied with scarcely a moment's hesitation, "is paradise for the eyes, hell for the soul and plain purgatory for the wallet."
—ERNEST WALLIS

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CAN YOU MASTER WORDS?

THE SIZE OF YOUR VOCABULARY IS YOUR OWN BUSINESS—BUT HOW IS BUSINESS?

MANY people judge your intelligence by your choice of words, and there is some basis for such judgments, since intelligent people usually have large and accurate vocabularies. Moreover, those who are word-poor are at a disadvantage; a brilliant idea clumsily expressed often will not receive the consideration it deserves.

At any rate, here is a chance to test your vocabulary. In each question you will find a word in italics which is followed by five words lettered a, b, c, d, and e. You are to search this list for the one word or phrase closest in meaning to the word in italics and write the letter indicating your answer on a separate sheet.

If you get 30 to 34 correct, your vocabulary is good; 35 to 39 is very good; and 40 or over is excellent. Answers are on page 93.

EXAMPLE:

strange

(*a*) push (*b*) compact (*c*) unfamiliar (*d*) without reason (*e*) random

("*Unfamiliar*" *is more closely related to* "*strange*" *than any of the others; therefore, the answer to this question is* "*c.*" *Now go on.*)

1. *biangular*
   (*a*) jagged (*b*) having two angles (*c*) involving bigamy (*d*) semiannual (*e*) perennial
2. *affright*
   (*a*) sudden fear (*b*) wrong (*c*) affray (*d*) against the right (*e*) treble
3. *replica*
   (*a*) serpent (*b*) noise (*c*) presbytery (*d*) duplicate (*e*) replace
4. *stead*
   (*a*) ornament (*b*) place (*c*) grudge (*d*) saurel (*e*) sheathe
5. *neigh*
   (*a*) whinny (*b*) dissent (*c*) whiten (*d*) near (*e*) expand
6. *plexiform*
   (*a*) complicated (*b*) pains in the back (*c*) simple (*d*) nos-

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tologic (*e*) multilateral

7. *reverberate*
(*a*) emasculate (*b*) discuss (*c*) irritate (*d*) blast (*e*) reëcho
8. *hangar*
(*a*) executioner (*b*) shed (*c*) suspension (*d*) secret (*e*) holocaust
9. *artery*
(*a*) robbery (*b*) to be correct (*c*) vein (*d*) efferent blood vessel (*e*) erectness
10. *eductive*
(*a*) extractive (*b*) cultured (*c*) soft (*d*) accumulative (*e*) seething
11. *noteless*
(*a*) musical (*b*) stupid (*c*) undistinguished (*d*) novel (*e*) remote
12. *infecund*
(*a*) barren (*b*) intelligent (*c*) opulent (*d*) familiar (*e*) rabbit-like
13. *scalene*
(*a*) impious (*b*) impotent (*c*) direct (*d*) sabrous (*e*) oblique
14. *feldspar*
(*a*) mineral (*b*) outdoor game (*c*) magnet (*d*) bodkin (*e*) humidifier
15. *prepotent*
(*a*) effervescent (*b*) very powerful (*c*) preposterous (*d*) foreboding (*e*) ear-piercing
16. *viperish*
(*a*) venomous (*b*) vivaparous (*c*) innocuous (*d*) tumultary (*e*) grouchy
17. *quaternary*
(*a*) impolite (*b*) watery (*c*) through highway (*d*) by fours (*e*) elastic
18. *cursed*
(*a*) abrupt (*b*) superficial (*c*) damned (*d*) abusive language (*e*) silly
19. *enamor*
(*a*) emulate (*b*) alienate (*c*) captivate (*d*) surrender (*e*) spray
20. *saffron*
(*a*) silken (*b*) orange (*c*) untrustworthy (*d*) blue (*e*) impossible
21. *denary*
(*a*) weak (*b*) tenfold (*c*) capricious (*d*) lovely (*e*) desert-like
22. *fabulous*
(*a*) factual (*b*) exuberant (*c*) legendary (*d*) façade-like (*e*) evil
23. *troth*
(*a*) tenth (*b*) awkwardness (*c*) portmanteau (*d*) faith (*e*) evil
24. *presage*
(*a*) repair (*b*) enamor (*c*) sign (*d*) foretell (*e*) lapse
25. *subservient*
(*a*) soft (*b*) vassal-like (*c*) deep (*d*) lordly (*e*) deformed
26. *warily*
(*a*) barely (*b*) rashly (*c*) carefully (*d*) tiredly (*e*) by turns

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27. *appall*
(*a*) enjoy (*b*) bury (*c*) dismay (*d*) enlarge (*e*) annoy

28. *tolerant*
(*a*) forgiving (*b*) ecclesiastic (*c*) forbearing (*d*) secretive (*e*) tergal

29. *charily*
(*a*) cheerfully (*b*) duskily (*c*) wearily (*d*) cleverly (*e*) carefully

30. *zany*
(*a*) student (*b*) gaffer (*c*) buffoon (*d*) feodality (*e*) one's engagement

31. *lathy*
(*a*) scaly (*b*) bubbly (*c*) longitudinal (*d*) vulgar (*e*) thin

32. *beadle*
(*a*) bug (*b*) cheat (*c*) seller of beads (*d*) petty official (*e*) baldaquin

33. *caravansary*
(*a*) a large inn (*b*) door-to-door salesman (*c*) caravan (*d*) stable for camels (*e*) road

34. *tenet*
(*a*) one who rents (*b*) by tens (*c*) slime (*d*) egocentric (*e*) dogma

35. *cattish*
(*a*) catamaran (*b*) odoriferous (*c*) timid (*d*) feline (*e*) canine

36. *equitation*
(*a*) equivocation (*b*) horsemanship (*c*) baggage (*d*) double-meaning (*e*) novaculite

37. *xyloid*
(*a*) woody (*b*) acidic (*c*) cross-eyed (*d*) lucrative (*e*) yttric

38. *churl*
(*a*) butter-maker (*b*) swirl (*c*) boor (*d*) very tiny animal (*e*) noble

39. *debacle*
(*a*) cataclysm (*b*) degenerate (*c*) shackle (*d*) orderly (*e*) waste-matter

40. *hircine*
(*a*) poisonous (*b*) odoriferous (*c*) goatish (*d*) beautiful (*e*) liquid-like

41. *diametric*
(*a*) equal (*b*) crawly (*c*) opposite (*d*) graphic (*e*) diaphanous

42. *libertinism*
(*a*) lewdness (*b*) liberalism (*c*) inaccessibility (*d*) virgin-like (*e*) cowardice

43. *dross*
(*a*) ill-breeding (*b*) drivel (*c*) purity (*d*) druggist (*e*) refuse

44. *maenad*
(*a*) majestic (*b*) a frenzied woman (*c*) small wild animals (*d*) average (*e*) magic

45. *iracund*
(*a*) mongrel (*b*) irascible (*c*) irredeemable (*d*) migratory (*e*) pleasant

46. *pileous*
(*a*) dangerous (*b*) notorious (*c*) hairy (*d*) smooth (*e*) wor-

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thy of note

47. *virulent*
(*a*) thick (*b*) vigorous (*c*) very poisonous (*d*) very manly (*e*) virtuous

48. *enervate*
(*a*) exude (*b*) scintillate (*c*) exhilarate (*d*) debilitate (*e*) cower

49. *gaggle*
(*a*) cackle (*b*) gag (*c*) flap (*d*) ream (*e*) fatten

50. *vitiated*
(*a*) lively (*b*) healthy (*c*) rigorous (*d*) corrupted (*e*) baneful

—WILLIAM JAMES GIESE

THE DECLINE OF THE MYSTERY STORY

MYSTERY stories are written so that people can stop worrying about business and politics to wonder whether old Mrs. Thistlewaite is really the scarlet killer in disguise and when the detective is going to stop babbling about eighteenth-century Russian samovars and give us some hot tips.

In the old days, authors were content to kill one character per book, but today, when chapter one introduces several dozen assorted (and idiosyncratic) characters, you can bet six poison Zulu darts against a fingerprint that by page 200 there won't be the makings of a bridge game left.

Motorists may kill 36,000 people per year in this country, but mystery writers do it every week—and they don't have to have a license. If one of these fellows had written the old nursery rhyme, it would be called: "Who Killed Cock Robin, Jennie Wren, Joe Dove, Buster Bluebird, and Aunt Oriole?"

Innocent people always act guilty in the *MSS.*, and guilty ones always have perfect alibis—which turn out to be full of holes when the detective finally demonstrates what a sap you were for believing them. If real life were like most mystery stories, they could save a great deal of time and expense by freeing the prisoners at the very beginning of every trial, and hanging the judge and jury. In fact with some juries I've seen—oh, let's not be nasty.

In former times a self-respecting murderee usually got himself bumped off in his own house, but this sort of thing is no go in these days. A victim must now meet his demise on a golf course, at a flea circus, in a Bronx express, or at an international ping pong match. Any day now I expect to read: *Murder on the Appendectomy Table*, *Death at the Gladiola Fanciers' Carnival*, and *Terror in the Toothpick Factory*.

Many of the detective stories have brilliant new twists, but there is one that I am still waiting to encounter. In this it appears at the outset that the deceased has committed suicide, but after the detective comes on the scene and uncovers a lot of clues and darkly sinister goings-on, guess what? —it turns out that the poor goof really *did* commit suicide. —TRACY PERKINS

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ADULT BONERS

We Should Laugh at the Youngsters!

WHEN Robert T. Barton, Jr., Chairman of the Richmond, Virginia, democratic committee, took a last look at the banquet room where the annual Andrew Jackson dinner was to be held that evening, he found a decorator about to hang behind the speaker's table a portrait of Confederate General Stonewall Jackson. Mr. Barton remonstrated.

"You have the wrong Jackson," he explained.

The decorator was puzzled. "I used this same portrait at last year's banquet," he countered, "and nobody complained."

A BROOKLYN woman wrote resentfully to the surplus commodities corporation at Washington about the grapefruit given her by the representative of the bureau in her district. "I boiled one for three hours," she complained, "and it is still just as tough."

JUDGE HENRY KING, presiding at the slaying trial of Sylvester King, at Dallas, Texas, interrupted the proceedings to point to the prisoner's empty chair and ask of the district attorney what had become of the defendant. "Why, your Honor," began the embarrassed prosecutor, "you've been listening to him testifying for the last hour and a half."

HOUSE BILL 376 up before the Colorado assembly hasn't the clarity of expression expected of practical legislators. It is entitled: "A bill for an act to amend an act entitled 'To amend an act entitled "To amend section one of an act entitled 'An act to provide a bond issue.' " ' "

ACCORDING to Arizona state law, a public building must have all its doors opening outward. Nevertheless, the board of directors of state institutions found all the doors of the new wing of the Capitol, state-built and only recently completed, open inward!

—ZETA ROTHSCHILD

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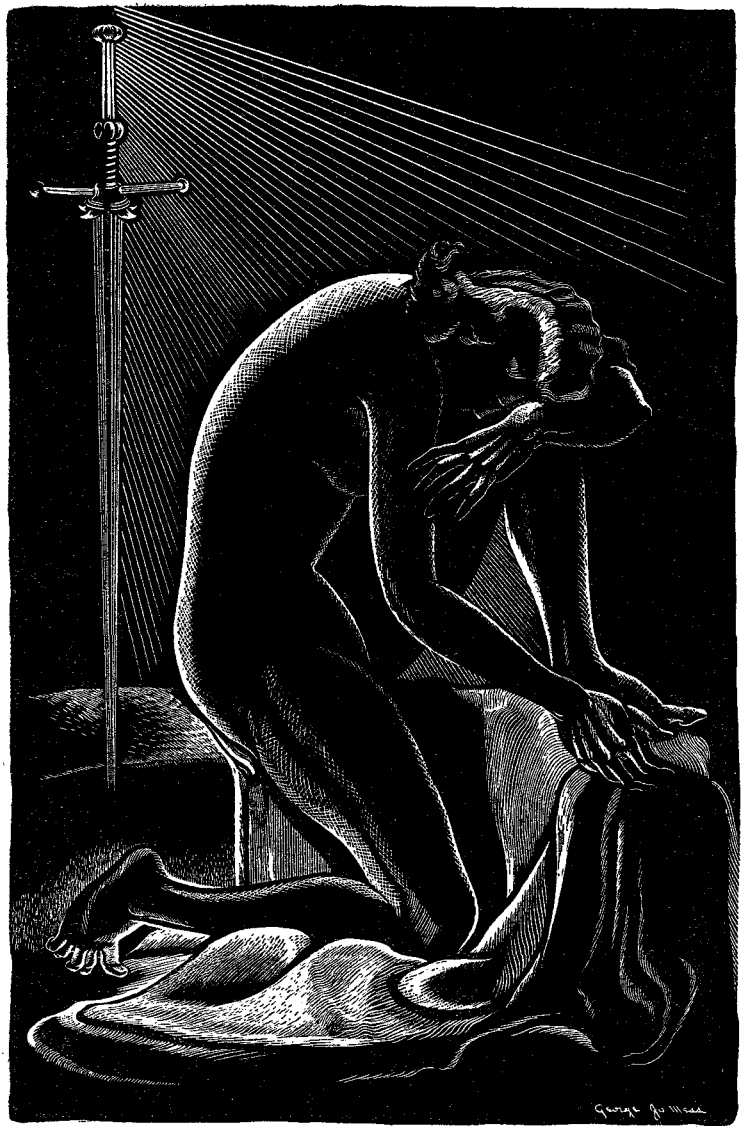

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A FLAG FOR MICHAL

"AND *as the Ark of God was brought into the city, Michal the daughter of Saul looked out of the window and saw David leaping and dancing before the Lord. And she despised him in her heart. Therefore Michal the daughter of Saul had no child unto the day of her death.*" —*Second Samuel*

A flag for Michal, David's scornful queen!
Michal the king's daughter, who refused
To veil contempt with the accepted mien
Of wifehood, and who dared to be amused
At a performance which may well have been
Worthy of ridicule—old David prancing,
Beard flapping, spindle-shanked, grotesque and lean,
Before the ark of God, leaping and dancing!

Wherefore Jehovah, peering from the skies,
Was prompt to muster an avenging sword
In outraged masculinity's behalf,
Lest in the years to come there should arise
Too many Michals, thus inclined to laugh
At Davids, capering before the Lord!

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

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THEY FIGHT SUICIDE

PERSUASIVE TALK AND FAST THINKING ARE THE TOOLS OF THE NATIONAL SAVE-A-LIFE LEAGUE

EVERY time the clock ticks off thirty minutes, someone in the United States commits suicide. That frequency might be a good deal higher if it were not for the National Save-A-Life League, which devotes itself to talking harassed people out of committing suicide. Although the League has representatives in a dozen cities throughout the country, its main headquarters are in New York, which is the suicide center of the nation. There it estimates that since its founding thirty-three years ago, it has saved, all told, 30,000 people from self-destruction.

The National Save-A-Life League might never have been founded if it had not been for the depression of 1906. In that year, suicides were abnormally high, and businessmen were tossing themselves out of windows with alarming frequency. Among those concerned was Dr. Harry M. Warren, pastor of the Central Park Baptist Church. Dr. Warren thought that many of the lives could be saved simply by timely counsel. Immediately he went about forming the National Save-A-Life League, basing it on that principle. Today, some 7,000 anonymous people contribute to its support—including a few former clients, now reclaimed.

Since its founding, the League's technique has been based on the idea that what most would-be suicides need is someone to listen sympathetically to their problems. It has found that they can tell them easier to a total stranger than to an intimate friend. When a person comes into the League's offices, he is received by a skillful adviser and encouraged to tell his plight in an interview, which may last anywhere from ten minutes to three hours. After it, the League decides upon some action. In those cases in which more is needed than simply to get a problem off the chest, it will take positive steps.

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Through its many contacts, the League has been able to obtain jobs for men in desperate need of work. On occasion, it has obtained widows' and old-age pensions for people who had no idea they were entitled to them. For others it has obtained free meal tickets and, for intensely lonely people, established social contacts. Oftentimes indiscreet girls come into the League's office, confessing inability to face the disgrace of bearing a child out of wedlock. The League is able to arrange for them to have their children safely, without notoriety, and in that way saves two lives at the same time.

Of the 20,000 suicides and 60,000 attempts at it which take place annually in the United States, it is the League's observation that most are performed under some sudden impulse, usually in panic. It is its belief that if only the person can be induced to postpone the act, the desire to commit it wanes. Accordingly, one of its stock tricks is to try to persuade a would-be suicide to defer the act a few days. Sometimes it has been able to accomplish this by the most childish means. Recently, a girl of twenty-four was persuaded to wait forty-eight hours by the offer of a new dress. During the interim, she was made to see the brighter side of life, and gradually her clear-headedness returned.

In general, however, women's inclinations to suicide are definitely in the minority. Men outnumber women three to one, the League has found. For the most part, simpler folk are less inclined to suicide than more intelligent people. There is no profession in which suicide runs peculiarly high, and the League has been visited by all of them.

Whatever the calling, most people today find their motive for suicide in economic problems. About 70 per cent of the cases are of this type, with the remainder taken up largely with domestic difficulties. Contrary to legend, unrequited love provides relatively few urges to suicide. The most common age range is the thirty-five to forty-five group, although the League's oldest client was past seventy and the youngest under fifteen.

Lately the League has been faced with an increasing number of middle-aged men. Prematurely tossed on the scrap heap, such men feel despondent because they consider themselves useless and a burden to their families. In such cases, the League tries to find some outlet for their energies. Often it has done this quite ingeniously.

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One time a man of this type came to the League, and in the course of an interview happened to remark casually that his greatest interests in life were his children and the theatre. Putting two and two together, the adviser suggested that he build a toy theatre for his children. The man did so, and became so absorbed in the project that he succeeded in deflecting all thoughts of suicide from his mind.

Although Dr. Warren is still nominal head of the National Save-A-Life League, he no longer assumes active management. That is in the hands of Miss Lona Bonnell, who joined Dr. Warren twenty-five years ago as his assistant. Miss Bonnell, who has probably heard more hard luck stories than anyone in the world, has managed the League for the past nine years. She also supervises its work in other cities, among them Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, and Atlanta.

Each morning on Miss Bonnell's desk are placed sheaves of news clippings, all dealing with the previous day's suicides. These are filed, and form a significant phase of the League's work. It has been found, for example, that suicides often run in waves within a single family. To combat this, due to grief or the economic loss of the breadwinner, the League, guided by the clippings, sends messengers to the family in which the suicide has occurred, offering its services. At Christmas time, it distributes food baskets, to keep up the morale. December, however, is the lowest suicide month. June is the highest, Monday the favorite day, and 6 to 7 p.m. the most common hour.

The League often gets calls from hospitals and the police department, which communicate with it when faced with a particularly difficult case. Some time ago, a frenzied man called up the League to say that his best friend was about to take his life, and that the League had better send someone over right away. Instantly, the League dispatched a messenger, who on the way met a policeman and took him along. They did not arrive a moment too soon. Just as they entered the room, they saw a man seated before a desk, a pistol poised at his head.

With great presence of mind, the policeman drew his revolver and shouted, "Drop that gun or I'll shoot!" Thoroughly frightened, the man did as he was told, and the League chalked up another life saved to its formidable record.

—KERMIT KAHN

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BRASSAÏ

PARIS

WATER MUSIC

CORONET

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ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ NEW YORK

THE WASTELAND

CORONET

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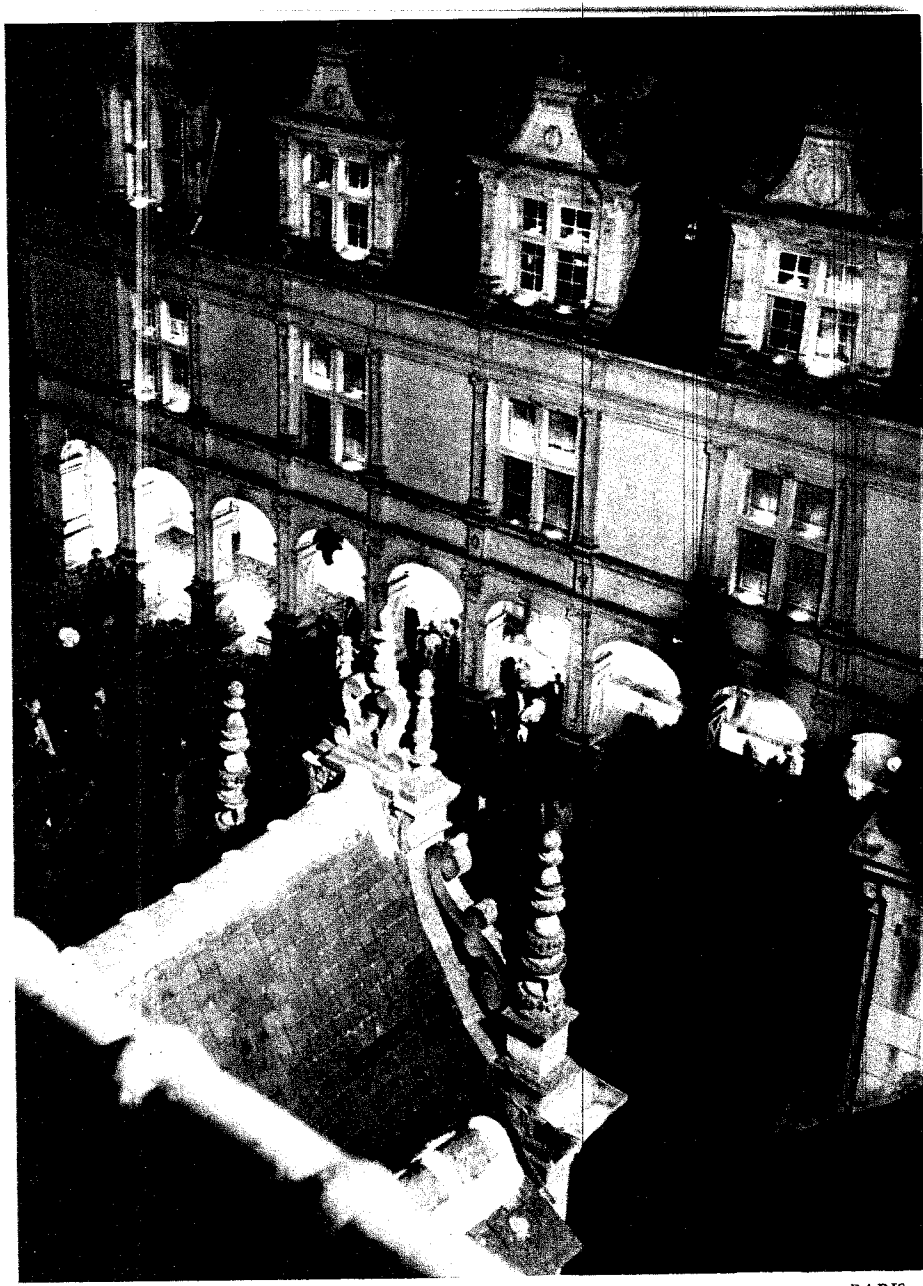

BRASSAÏ

PARIS

REVELRY BY NIGHT

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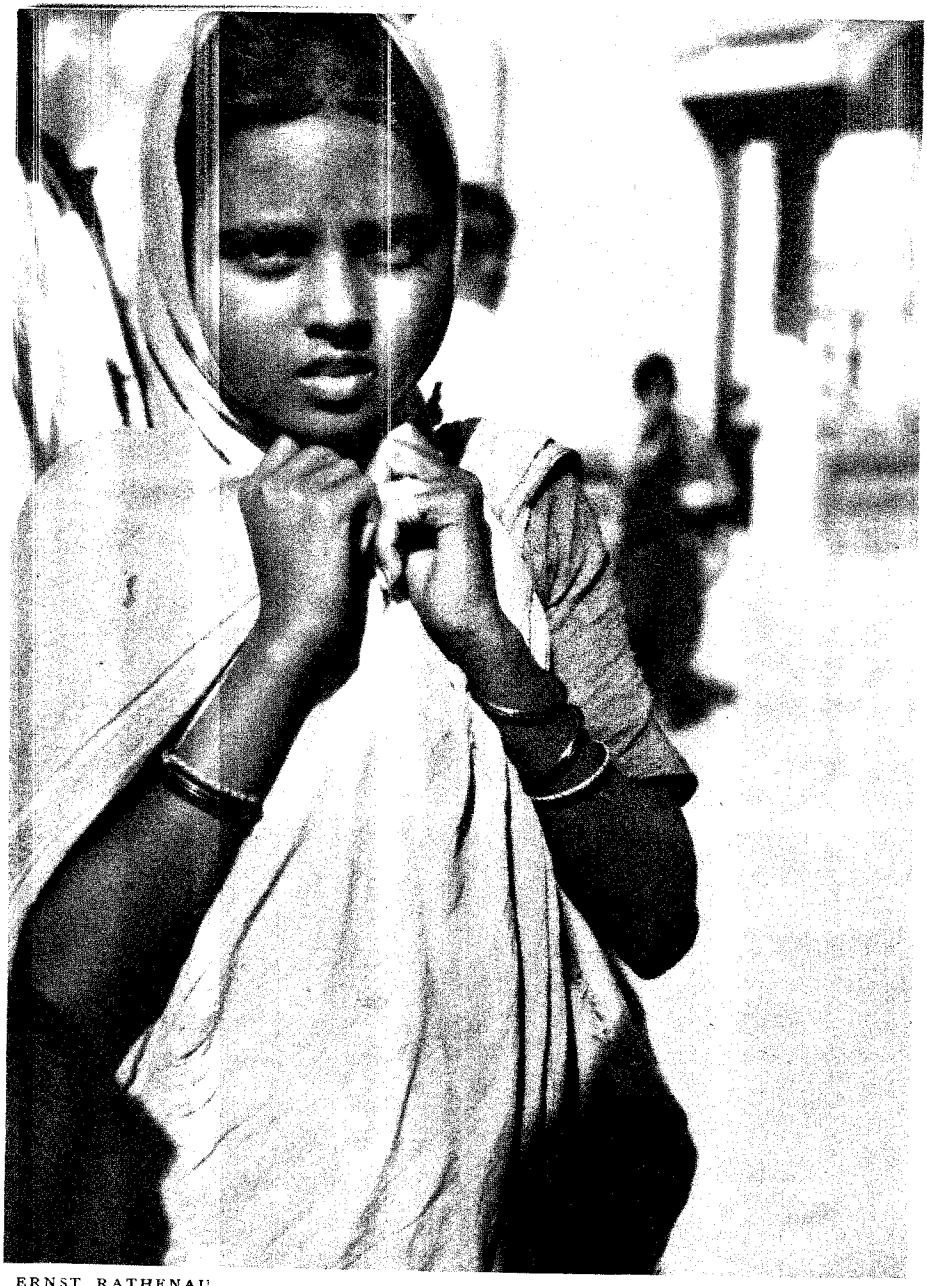

ERNST RATHENAU

NEW YORK

DAUGHTER INDIA

CORONET

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ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

MOUTHFUL

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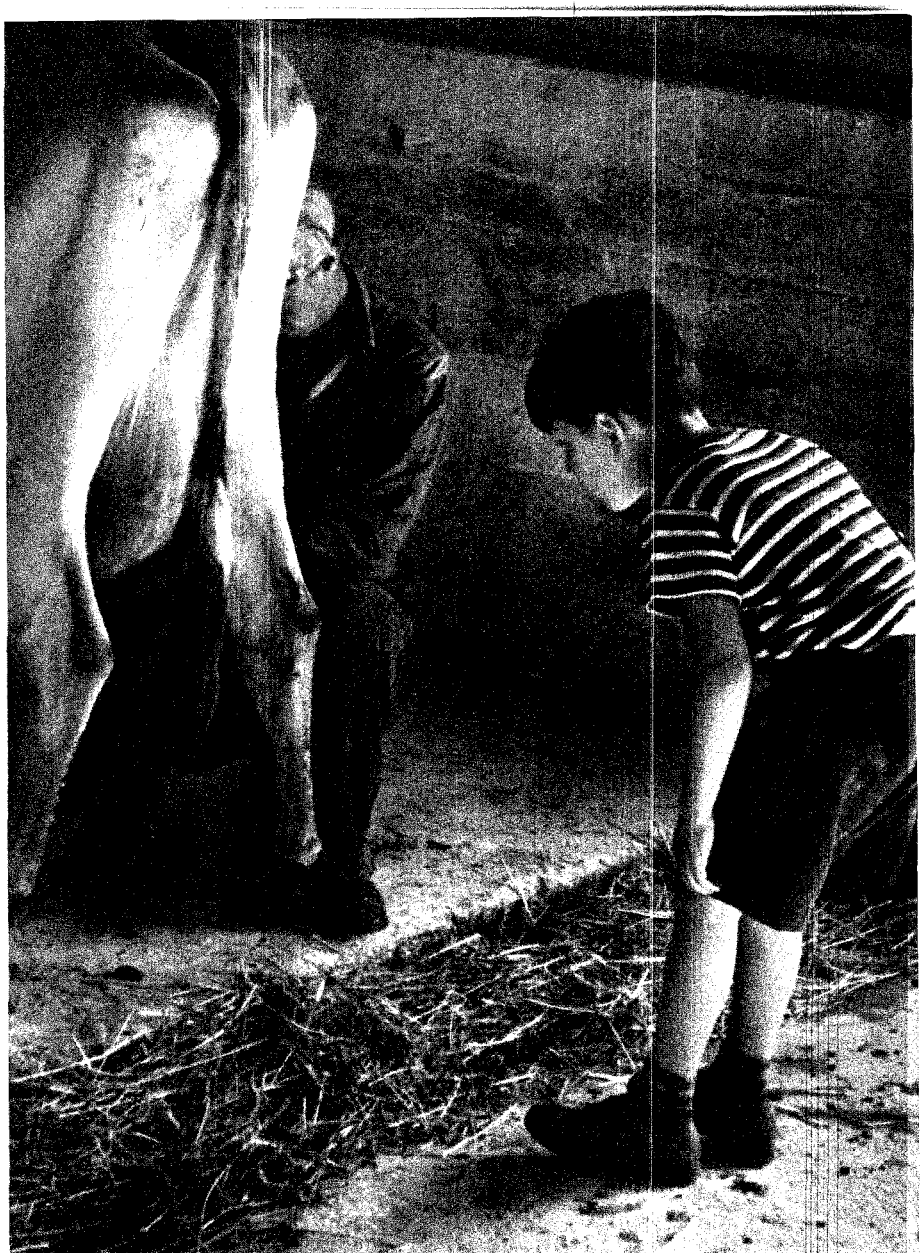

ARTHUR E. MEYERHOFF CHICAGO

UNBOTTLED

NOVEMBER, 1939

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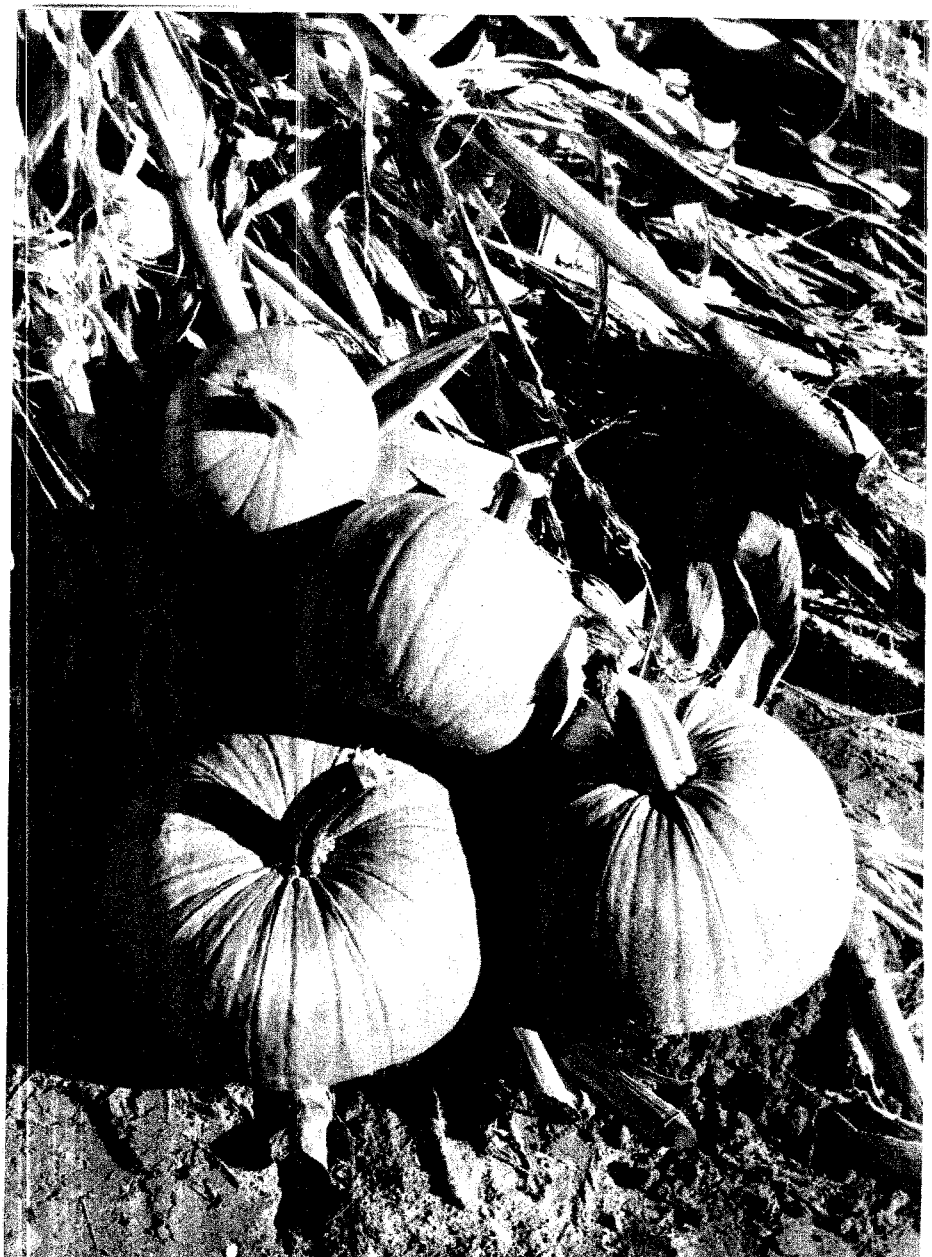

PHILIP PALMER

FROM GRAPHIC

CINDERELLA COACH

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

AUTUMN TURNING

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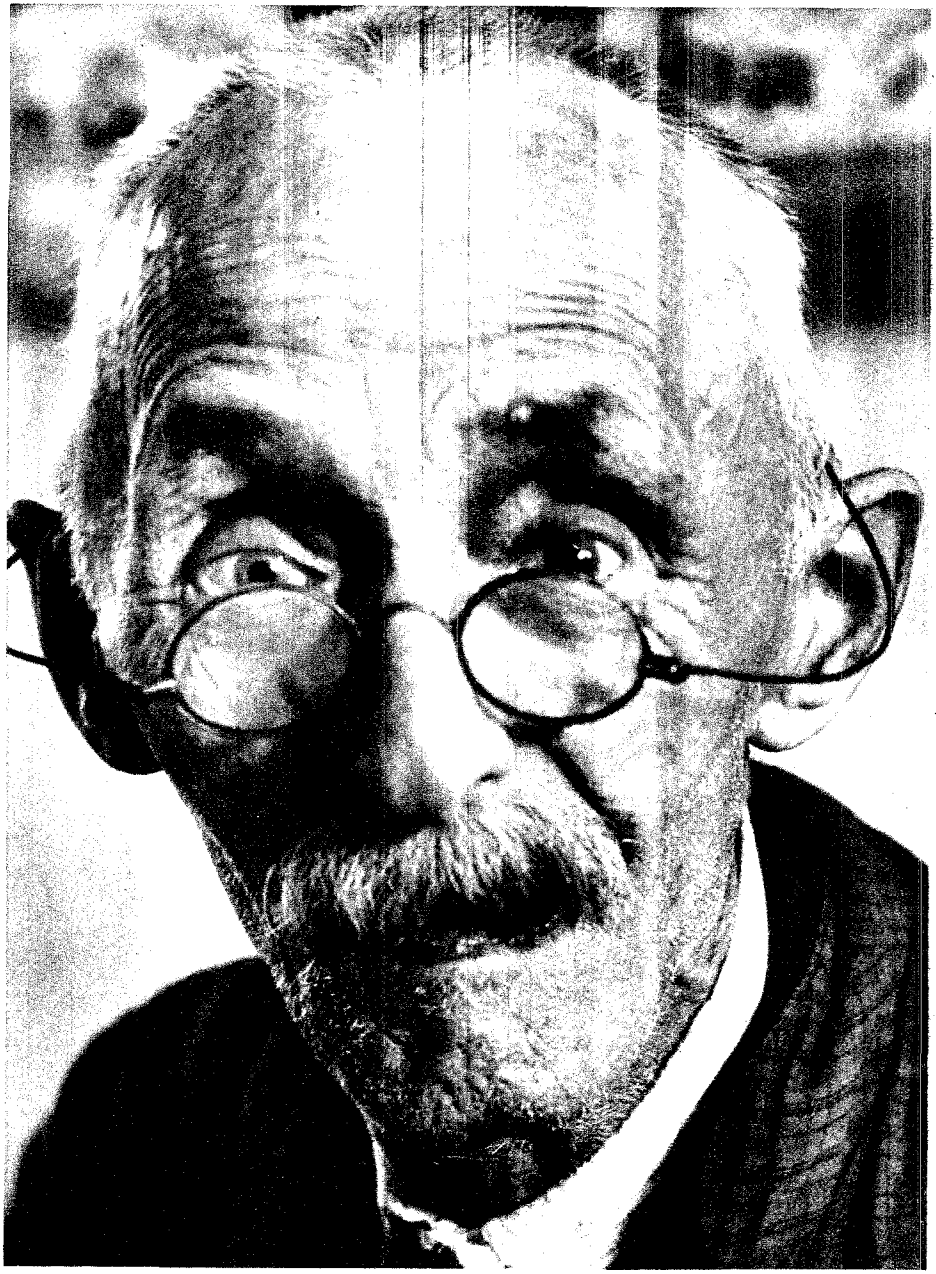

E. O. HOPPÉ

LONDON

VISIBILITY LIMITED

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BRASSAÏ PARIS

COME HITHER

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REUBEN GOLDBERG PHILADELPHIA

MOTHER AND CHILD

CORONET

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ARTHUR E. MEYERHOFF CHICAGO

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

TWO OF A KIND

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ZUCCA PARIS

KITTEN WILD

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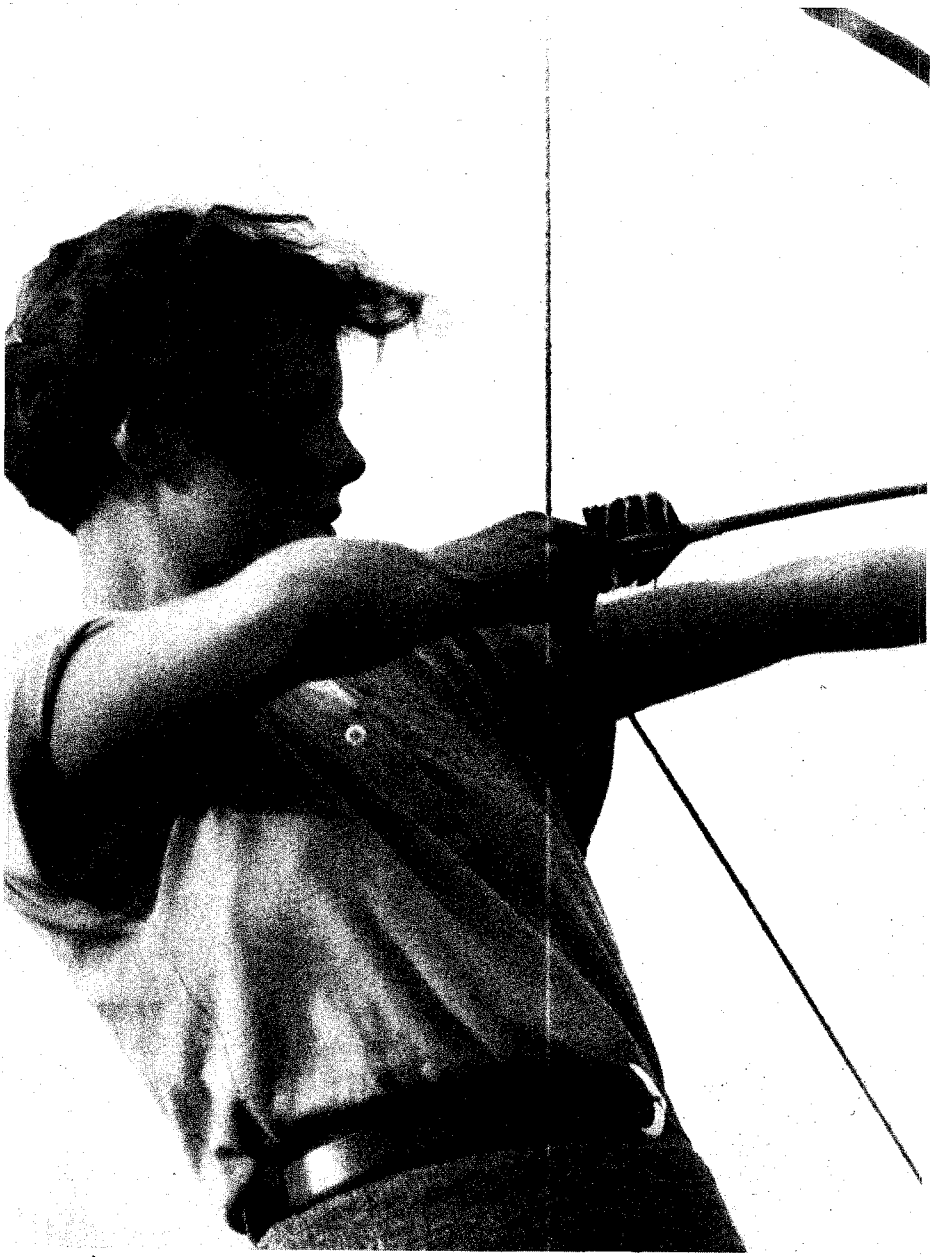

ANDRÉ JUST

BUDAPEST

BOWMAID

CORONET

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FROM TRIANGLE NEW YORK

FOX KNELL

NOVEMBER, 1939

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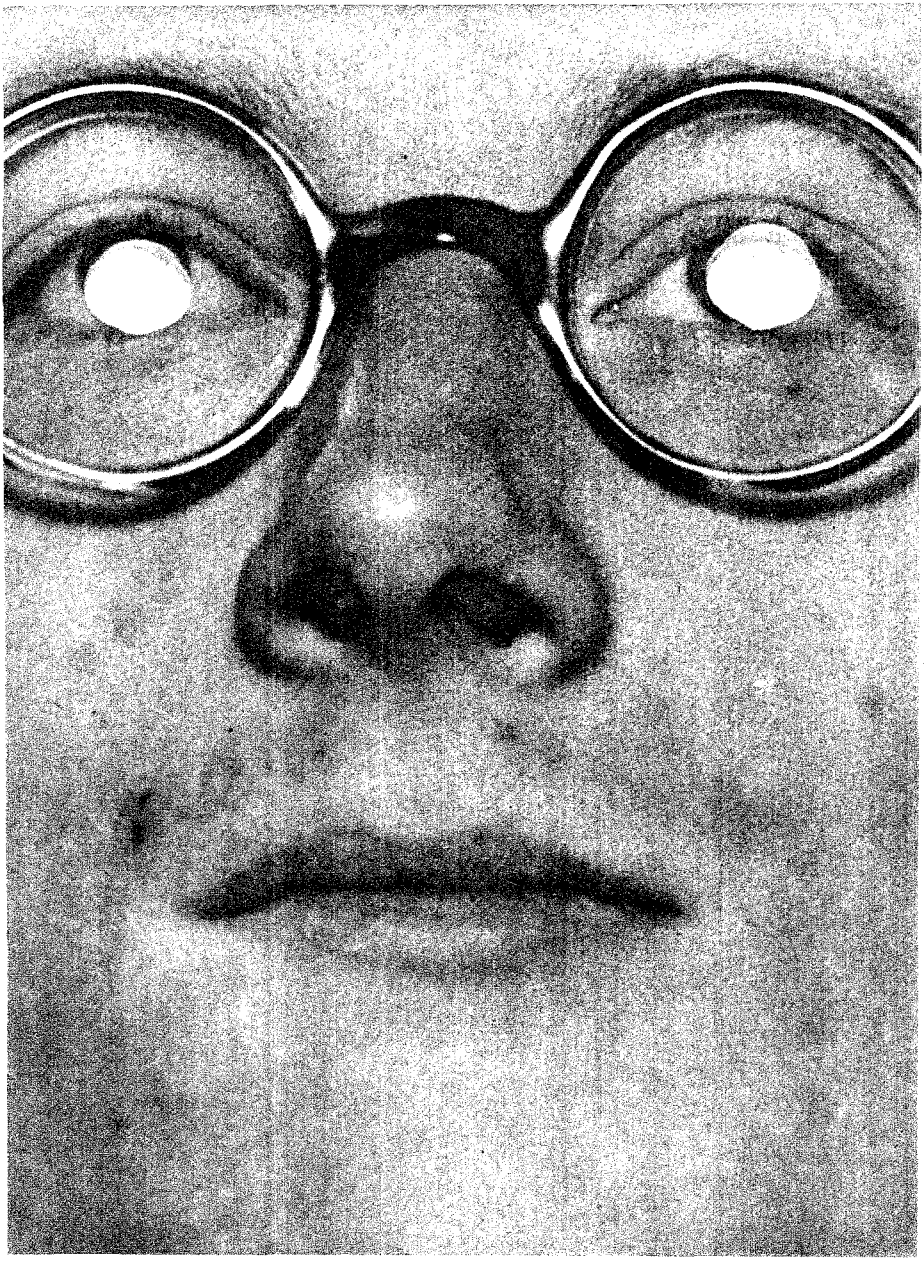

ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

HYPNOSIS

CORONET

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BUDAPEST

ANIMAL SPIRITS

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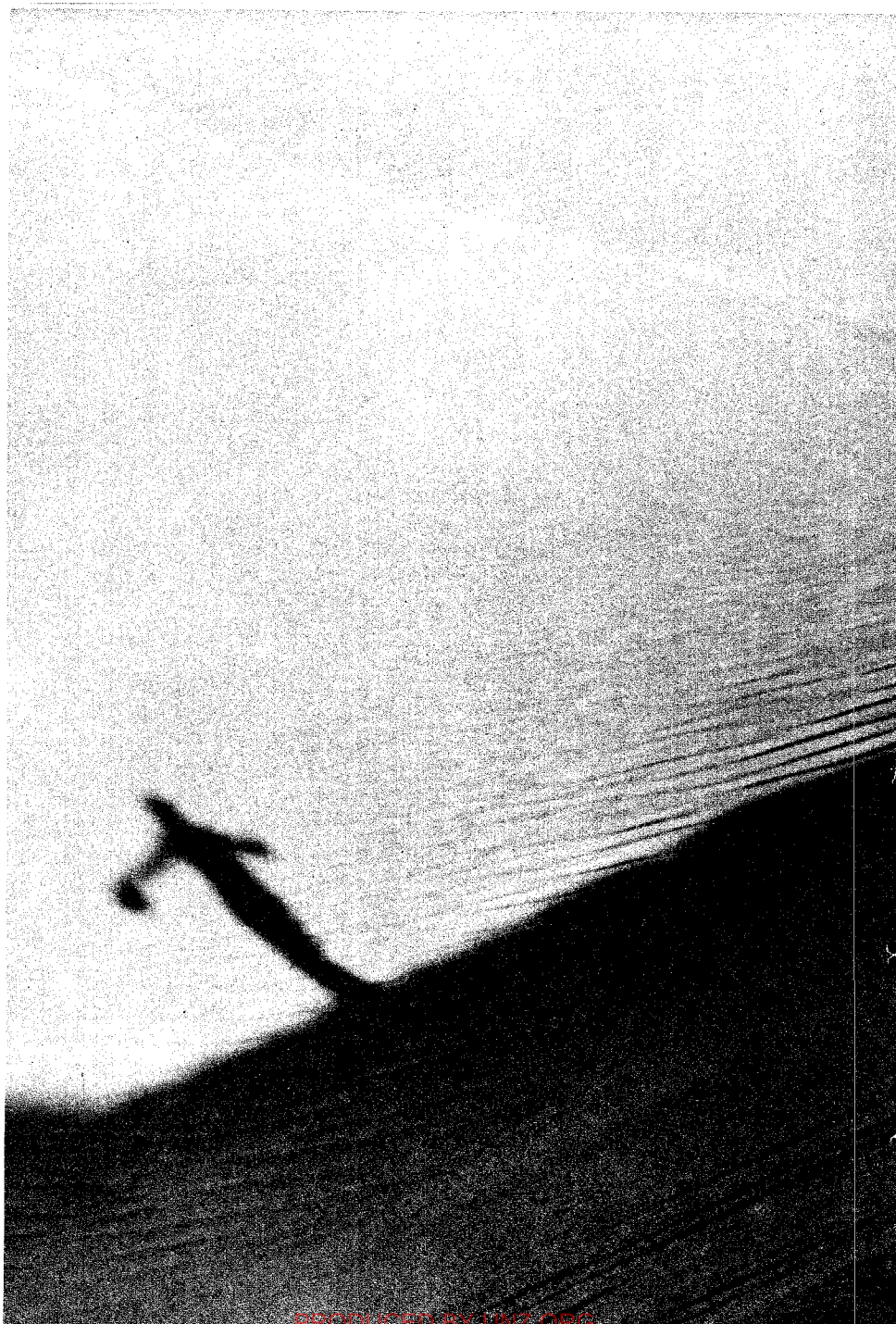

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KARL OBERT, SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

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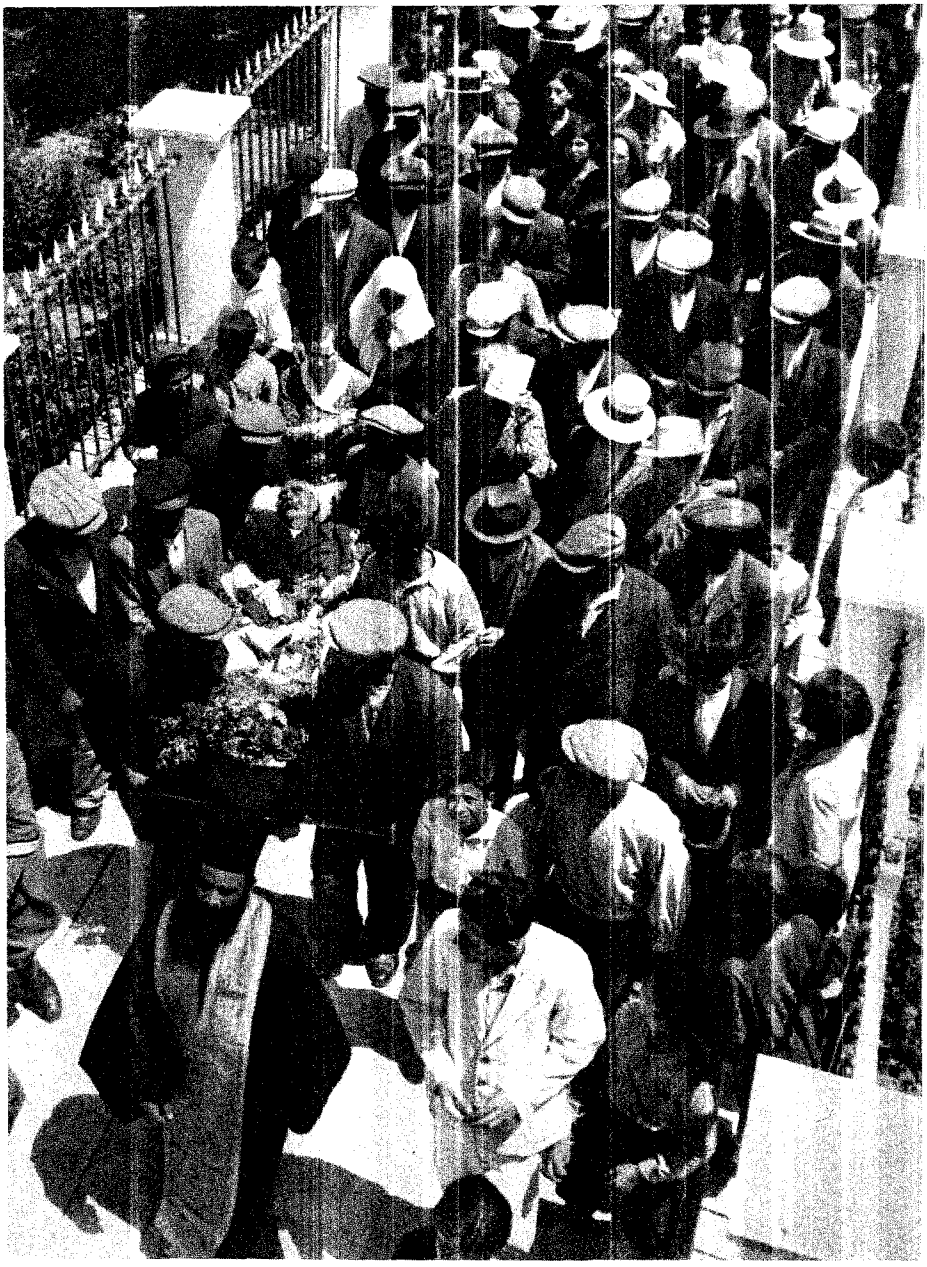

ELI LOTAR PARIS

GREEK FUNERAL

CORONET

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PIERRE BOUCHER

FROM C. ANDERS

VANITY OF VANITIES

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"Come on in. I'll treat you right. I used to know your daddy."

BATCHELOR'S PULITZER PRIZE CARTOON

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BATCHELOR OF THE NEWS

HIS CARTOONS DAILY HAMMER AT THE AMERICAN MIND, AND OFTEN ENOUGH THEY STRIKE A SPARK

BATCHELOR is doing one of the most important educational cartooning jobs in America. He pulls no punches; and he punches in his shirt sleeves.

Drawing for a tabloid with the largest circulation of any paper in the country, he is out to save the lower middle classes—and the-lower-middle-class-minded-workers — from Hearst, Tammany, the Old Guard, and the devil.

Day after day, month after month, he slashes out biting satires on corruption and reaction.

Looking through his drawing board, Batchelor sees the faces of the unenlightened Goths in the Bronx and Astoria subways, he sees the faces of the modern cave-dwellers who read only the picture-language, he sees the faces on the barroom floor.

These blood cousins of the Neanderthal man will never read the *Critique of Pure Reason*. Yet, by default, they form the ribs, if not the entire backbone of the nation.

They are not striving for "the higher culture." They have not heard of Dr. Freud's Super Ego—that traffic cop of the inner man. They can be pushed Left, Right, or straight ahead. They would cheerfully lend a hand in their own execution.

These are Batchelor's wards. He senses his responsibility — and grows with it.

★ ★ ★

Batchelor was born in Osage City, Kansas, on April Fool's Day, 1888. He was christened Clarence Daniel, a fact he prefers to forget. His ancestry combined knowledge and progress—his mother was a school teacher, his father a railroad man.

He went through grammar school in Osage City, high school in Salina. He had planned to be either a prize-fighter or a railroad engineer. These probably may be interpreted as the Kansan equivalents of fireman and policeman.

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Even today, he has a morbid fixation on trains—draws them on any pretext. If the train isn't handy he draws a motor accident. This weakness keeps winning him Public Safety prizes.

At high school his ambitions were diverted when he began to draw. People said, "The boy has talent."

One vacation he gave his gift rope. Trekking to Chicago, he took a course at the Art Institute. This behind him, he finished high school and promptly landed himself in the city room of the *Kansas City Star*.

The *Star* in those days ran line cuts — not photographs. Batchelor's job was to make the lines. For six months he plied his craft at some fifteen dollars a week. Then he expressed differences with the management.

He had an offer of a job on the railroad in Las Vegas, New Mexico. Heading south, he had the satisfaction of fulfilling a childhood ambition. He became a cog on a wheel of the Santa Fe.

A year passed. The pencil hand began to twitch. Soon it out-pulled the tracks. Batchelor dusted off his easel, packed back to Kansas City, hung out a shingle announcing himself to the world as a commercial artist. This was 1911.

Commerce was not in his line.

He began starving in easy installments.

One day he heard of a cartoon contest. The American Medical Association proposed to glorify health. Batchelor took a long shot. To his own amazement he won first prize—two hundred dollars. This proved two things: That it is actually possible to win a contest . . . and that mighty oaks from acorns grow.

It would be interesting to note here that Batchelor—now inspired — dashed onward to new and greater graphic laurels. Actually, he went back to the railroad.

Another year ground more grist for the Santa Fe. Two hundred dollars were salted away. Then the twitch cycle repeated itself. This time Batchelor teamed up with Thomas Craven, embryo critic, and headed east for New York.

Here, with Craven, Thomas Benton, and Ralph Barton, he became an integral part of that famous Bohemian fire-trap, the Lincoln Square Arcade.

These were high days. All Montparnasse was set up under the 66th Street station of the Sixth Avenue "L." Food was a major problem.

The lean days passed. Batchelor got his first New York newspaper

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job — drawing for the Woman's Page of the *Journal*. His work expanded in scope and competence. Inspired, one day, he asked for a raise. He was promptly fired — a matter of discipline.

Money, however, buys just so much — no more. A week later Brisbane called up. "There has been a slight misunderstanding," he said, "come back."

During the War, 1916, Batchelor went to Boston for a vacation. Somebody said, "You ought to see Dr. Gruening, the editor of the *Boston Journal* — he is one of your admirers." Batchelor saw Gruening. And that was that.

In New York, six months later, someone else said, "Gruening's now managing editor of the *Tribune*. He likes your stuff. Better have a talk with him."

Batchelor was willing. The war was raging. Hearst was pro-German, the *Journal* was suspect.

He talked to Gruening and Gruening was sold. He said, "Come over here and draw as you please—alternate with Ding on politics. We'll pay you sixty."

Six weeks later the New York *Mail* was found to be German property, and Gruening was linked with Dr. Rumley, the *Mail's* editor. Although the connection was innocent, the *Tribune*, true to form, clung to the coattails of high church respectability. Gruening was fired.

Batchelor was now left naked and cold, without friend, protector, or a hook to hold his hat. Then they opened the door and bid him, too, God-speed.

He fell back on free-lance jobs —woman's page cartoons for the George Mathew Adams Syndicate; odd jetsam for *Judge*, *Life*, and *Collier's*. Later, he began for the Public Ledger Syndicate a daily human interest series called "The Human Zoo."

During the 1920's, he was on the *New York Post* with another human interest project entitled, "Once Overs." From there he moved into his present berth on the *New York Daily News*.

★ ★ ★

One of the most difficult tasks a cartoonist faces is that of inventing symbols. Few have been created that lasted. Thomas Nast created the old G.O.P. elephant. Rollin Kirby contributed the seedy, long-faced, long-nosed spectre of Prohibition, and a fuzzy old banker symbolizing the defunct Old Guard Republican.

Batchelor has two distinct contributions to his credit—one of which figured in his Pulitzer Prize-winning drawing of 1937. *War* he

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pictured as a lady of the streets—a figure with a long, sinuous, alluring body and a death's head. His Old Guard Republican is even more dramatic than Kirby's. It is a bay-windowed, fat-joweled, mustached man of about fifty-five, always wearing a top hat . . . and otherwise either naked . . . or politely framed in shorts.

He calls this man the "Old Deal," and claims he was inspired by two lines in *Love's Labour Lost:*

Fat paunches have lean pates and daily bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

In filling his job as a Tabloid moralist, Batchelor has indulged in two public safety crusades that have attracted wide notice. One was a biting attack on careless driving, traffic stupidities—a campaign that won two extra-curricular prizes. These were the so-called Headlines Award for Public Safety, and a prize offered by the Commercial Investment Trust, for the same subject.

His other campaign, a bit sentimental in tone, was for education in social hygiene. When the size and quality of the tabloid audience is considered, the value of this almost buckeye propaganda is obvious.

"I feel," he said, "that I am in a very decent, responsible spot . . . one from which influence is exerted." This shows in his work. There is something almost nineteenth century in its sincerity.

The nineteenth-century theme is, in fact, a very distinct part of Batchelor's make-up. He could have stepped out of Dreiser's *Genius.* He is a throwback to the Middle-West-Montparnassism which enshrouded the country at the turn of the century.

Stephen Crane, Ambrose Bierce, O. O. McIntyre were part of the same fabric — boys from small towns who fell pell-mell into a cosmopolitan sea and taught themselves to swim.

Batchelor still has survivals of this period in his mannerisms and dress. He still carries one of his numerous canes—and keeps a battery of reserves in his office. He wears a slouch hat the color of a split pea. With a dinner jacket, he still wears his old flowing tie.

Once at a formal dinner he was sitting next to Alice Hughes, the *Journal-American's* columnist. Miss Hughes took a long, hard look at the tie and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Batchelor, but are you of the cloth?"

Batchelor braced himself. "In a sense, yes," he said, "I work on another rag." — MARK ASHLEY

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WE AMERICANS IN EUROPE

A PROVOCATIVE STUDY IN DEPORTMENT, THANKS TO SOME OF OUR MORE PROVOKING COUNTRYMEN

EUROPEAN travel is a pleasure Americans will have to forego for the duration of the current world war. But prior to the war there were always enough of us abroad to make a reputation for ourselves of a sort. It might be worth while to highlight a few facets of that reputation, not so much as a moral to be held in suspension pending the advent of peace but as food for thought that might well be digested right now at home.

A Texas couple who evidently had made plenty of money in oil asked me on the way to Europe last summer what the best hotel in Rome is. "Best for what?" I wanted to know. "Oh, just the best—the one that costs the most," explained the wife. "We wouldn't want to go back home and say we hadn't stayed at the best."

I recall, too, a man from Baltimore asking the information clerk in the American Embassy at Paris if it were possible to see the inside of the Elysée Palace, where the French President lives, and on learning that it was not, asked: "What else is there to see here?" The clerk, looking somewhat aghast, said: "There's much to see in Paris." To which the caller replied: "I mean things that the ordinary tourist is not permitted to see." He didn't care what he saw, so long as it was by special privilege.

A well-known New York stock broker—this story is vouched for—in a gondola on the Grand Canal near the Doges Palace in Venice, asked the gondolier: "Is there much to see in this town, buddy?"

There's the woman who thinks she will "acquire culture" from travel if she jots down enough facts in her little notebook. I was in the same party with one of these earnest seekers, going through a grand old palace, when we entered a room decorated in vivid canary yellow. "This has

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been known for hundreds of years," said the guide, "as the yellow room." The seeker, intent on her notebook, asked: "What did you say the color was?"

On a train passing through Pisa, somebody called attention to the famous leaning tower and a richly-upholstered American dowager, decorated with diamonds, exclaimed, after a casual glance: "Oh yes, I remember reading about it in the Bible."

On the ten-mile ride from the port of Piraeus to Athens, I mentioned to a successful American advertising man how sorry I was that I had less than twenty-four hours for my first glimpse of ancient Athens.

"It's more time than you need," he said. "I was here two years ago for a day and a half, and I had so much time on my hands I didn't know what to do with it."

"But I thought a lot had happened in Athens," I faltered.

"Oh, I suppose you *could* put in a week if you tried to read all the old inscriptions. But what's the use? When I have time to read I want something more up to date."

By this time we were approaching Athens and I could see a Greek temple topping a high hill.

"That must be the Acropolis in the distance," I remarked.

"The Acropolis—yes, I guess it is," agreed my seatmate. "Beautiful building."

"You mean the Parthenon?"

"You mentioned the Acropolis."

"But you spoke of a building."

"Oh sure enough — the — yes, the Parthenon. That's right. The Acropolis is the whole layout, like the Roman forum, and that big marble building you see is the Parthenon. In my business I always try to remember the broad essentials and details escape me easily. Yes, I remember it well. Don't worry about seeing everything. Three or four hours and you can clean up the whole show."

He was determined to be a cultured citizen, no matter what it cost, or how far he had to go—only he did not intend to waste time over it.

As an offset against that forgetter of details, I met in England last summer a young mechanic from Cincinnati, who said: "I devote the mornings to my work and in the afternoon and evening I do the kind of sightseeing I enjoy most." The "work" he referred to was organized sightseeing — museums, art galleries and the like. He thought he should see them as part of his education, but the rest of the time he gave to the everyday life of the people. "At

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home I shave myself," he said, "but here I go to a barber shop every day because it's a good chance to find out what ordinary folks are thinking and talking about."

He was on the right track but he might have learned still more if he had followed up one or two special interests. If you have no hobby it might be wise to invent one. Any specialized curiosity helps. A friend told me he went to an art museum only because he wanted to see the original of a Peter Breughel painting, a copy of which had hung in his attic bedroom when he was a boy. In looking for the Breughel he got so interested in other pictures that afterward he never missed a gallery.

Being a sleight-of-hand enthusiast, I once dropped in at a little magic shop in London and during a talk with the proprietor, showed him a trick he had not seen before. "There are two amateur magicians, customers of mine, who would especially like to see that," he said. One of them was a member of the House of Lords, to whom he telephoned, but his lordship was away. The other was George Belcher, famous artist on *Punch*. We formed a lasting friendship.

Whether on a train or on a village street in Europe, as in America, you can always establish friendly relations by showing an interest in a person's dog or child. I am still chummy with an old French couple with whom I got acquainted by helping their small grandson to recover a toy boat beyond his reach on a park pond. In a strange village you can at least chat with your café waiter, who probably knows more than one language. He will talk more readily if you begin on a subject with which he is familiar, as for example the quality of the coffee.

—Fred C. Kelly

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 45-48

1. B	11. C	21. B	31. E	41. C
2. A	12. A	22. C	32. D	42. A
3. D	13. E	23. D	33. A	43. E
4. B	14. A	24. D	34. E	44. B
5. A	15. B	25. B	35. D	45. B
6. A	16. A	26. C	36. B	46. C
7. E	17. D	27. C	37. A	47. C
8. B	18. C	28. C	38. C	48. D
9. D	19. C	29. E	39. A	49. A
10. A	20. B	30. C	40. C	50. D

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YOU, THE PEOPLE

A QUIZ DESIGNED TO FIND OUT HOW MUCH YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR GOVERNMENT

IN THESE challenging days it behooves the citizens of a democracy to take stock of what they know about their government. The simple questions which follow are designed less to test your knowledge than to show you how much you've forgotten.

It shouldn't take you more than fifteen minutes. Chalk up two points for every correct answer. If you get ninety or more you ought to be in Congress. Eighty to ninety makes you an exceptional citizen. Seventy to eighty is not bad at all. Sixty to seventy is not so hot. If you get under sixty, maybe they shouldn't let you vote.

This quiz, for the first time, presents a Bonus Question, worth thirty solid points!

Answers on page 126.

1. The salary of the President of the United States is
   (*a*) $50,000; (*b*) $75,000; (*c*) $100,000; (*d*) No salary. The honor is deemed sufficient
2. The Constitution vests the sole power of impeachment of the President in the
   (*a*) Supreme Court; (*b*) Senate; (*c*) House of Representatives; (*d*) Congress
3. At the primaries citizens vote to
   (*a*) Elect local officials; (*b*) Set the issues of the election; (*c*) Establish their residences; (*d*) Nominate candidates
4. You are outdoors. The Star Spangled Banner is played. It begins to rain.
   (*a*) You must stand there with your hat off; (*b*) You can keep your hat on; (*c*) You may lift your hat slightly; (*d*) You can run to the nearest shelter
5. The phrase "Proportional Representation" relates to
   (*a*) The naval treaty between U. S., Great Britain, and Japan; (*b*) The number of athletes any country may send to

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the Olympics; (*c*) The election of Rhodes Scholars; (*d*) A method by which votes are so counted that each party has representation in the elective body in proportion to its strength

6. A Cabinet officer receives a yearly salary of
(*a*) $25,000; (*b*) $15,000; (*c*) One dollar; (*d*) Whatever he can get
7. Every American citizen over 21, not a convict, can vote.
True or False
8. Ulysses S. Grant succeeded Abraham Lincoln as President.
True or False
9. If you are hit by a U. S. Mail Truck you can immediately sue the government.
True or False
10. One of the following was *not* a President
(*a*) Millard Fillmore; (*b*) James K. Taylor; (*c*) John Tyler; (*d*) Franklin Pierce
11. One of the following was *not* a Vice-President
(*a*) Calvin Coolidge; (*b*) Charles G. Dawes; (*c*) Charles Curtis; (*d*) John Quincy Adams
12. No citizen can be a member of the House of Representatives unless he has reached the age of
(*a*) 30; (*b*) 21; (*c*) 25; (*d*) There is no rule of age limit
13. The number of Senators is
(*a*) 48; (*b*) 96; (*c*) 52; (*d*) Varies, depending on the population of the states
14. —"the American continents . . . are . . . not to be considered as subjects for . . . colonization by any European powers." This statement was made by
(*a*) George Washington; (*b*) Franklin D. Roosevelt; (*c*) James Monroe; (*d*) Andrew Jackson
15. The United States never fought a war against
(*a*) Spain; (*b*) Mexico; (*c*) France; (*d*) England
16. The Presidential elections are held on
(*a*) The first Tuesday in Nov.; (*b*) The first Monday in Nov.; (*c*) The first Monday after the first Tuesday in Nov.; (*d*) The first Tuesday after the first Monday in Nov.
17. The power to declare war is vested in
(*a*) The President; (*b*) The people (by referendum); (*c*) The Senate; (*d*) Congress
18. U. S. Ambassadors to foreign countries are appointed by
(*a*) The President; (*b*) Con-

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gress; (*c*) The Secretary of State; (*d*) The Senate

19. After the House of Representatives passes a bill it goes directly to
(*a*) The President, for his approval or veto; (*b*) The Supreme Court for an advisory opinion as to its constitutionality; (*c*) The Senate; (*d*) None of the foregoing
20. One of the following is *not* a member of the Supreme Court
(*a*) Pierce Butler; (*b*) Owen J. Roberts; (*c*) Stanley Forman Reed; (*d*) Louis D. Brandeis
21. An ex-President receives a pension of
(*a*) $10,000 per year; (*b*) $20,000; (*c*) A turkey every Thanksgiving; (*d*) Nothing at all
22. One of the following was never the capital of the United States
(*a*) New York; (*b*) Washington, D.C.; (*c*) Baltimore; (*d*) Philadelphia
23. Two of the following are *not* territories of the United States
(*a*) Porto Rico; (*b*) Hawaii; (*c*) The Philippines; (*d*) Alaska
24. Armistice Day falls on
(*a*) November 12; (*b*) October 12; (*c*) November 11; (*d*) The second Tuesday in November
25. James A. Farley is to the Democratic Party as which one of the following is to the GOP?
(*a*) Herbert Hoover; (*b*) Alfred Landon; (*c*) Al Smith; (*d*) John Hamilton
26. The Speaker of the House of Representatives is
(*a*) Appointed by the President; (*b*) The Secretary of State; (*c*) Congress' radio commentator; (*d*) Elected by the members of the House
27. A Treaty with a foreign country is binding only
(*a*) When the President alone signs it; (*b*) When ¾ of Congress concurs; (*c*) When it is favorable to the United States; (*d*) When ⅔ of the Senate concurs
28. The number of Presidents who have been impeached in the course of our history is
(*a*) 2; (*b*) 1; (*c*) None; (*d*) 7
29. Suffrage for women in the United States was established by the
(*a*) Bill of Rights; (*b*) Declaration of Independence; (*c*) 19th Amendment; (*d*) 21st Amendment
30. The phrase "Separation of Powers" relates to
(*a*) Hitler's policy of action in

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Europe; (*b*) State Rights; (*c*) The division of sovereign powers between the States and the Federal government; (*d*) The organization of the government into three departments

31. One of the following states did *not* secede from the Union
(*a*) Florida; (*b*) Texas; (*c*) Arkansas; (*d*) Kentucky

32. One of the following is *not* a Federal government agency
(*a*) FSA; (*b*) EFHA; (*c*) NRS; (*d*) DDS

33. Which one of the following, if any, was a poet-laureate of the United States?
(*a*) Robert Frost; (*b*) Edgar Guest; (*c*) Edward Arlington Robinson; (*d*) Walt Whitman

34. The number of Federal Reserve Banks in the United States is
(*a*) None since the Bank Holiday; (*b*) 1; (*c*) 48; (*d*) 12

35. Franklin D. Roosevelt is U. S. President number
(*a*) 32; (*b*) 26; (*c*) 41; (*d*) 21

36. The government of the District of Columbia is administered by
(*a*) Its own City Managers; (*b*) Congress; (*c*) Its Board of Aldermen and Mayor; (*d*) Presidentially appointed commissioners

37. The number of Representatives a State has is determined by the State's
(*a*) Area; (*b*) Wealth (size of its industries, etc.); (*c*) Constitution; (*d*) Population

38. Members of the House of Representatives are elected every
(*a*) 3 years; (*b*) 4 years; (*c*) 2 years; (*d*) Whenever the people disapprove of the actions of their incumbent representatives

39. The yearly salary of a Senator or Representative is
(*a*) $10,000; (*b*) $20,000; (*c*) Depends on the number of people he represents; (*d*) As much as he can get

40. In writing to the President of the United States one of the following is an *incorrect* salutation to use
(*a*) My dear Mr. President; (*b*) Dear Mr. President; (*c*) To the President; (*d*) Dear President

41. No one can be a Senator who has not reached the age of
(*a*) 21; (*b*) 25; (*c*) 30; (*d*) There is no rule of age limit

42. Senatorial elections are held every
(*a*) 4 years; (*b*) 2 years; (*c*) 3 years; (*d*) 6 years

43. The original, unamended

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Constitution of the United States guaranteed freedom of religion, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press.
True or False

44. A proposed Constitutional amendment must be ratified by
(*a*) The legislatures of all the states; (*b*) Of ¾ of the states; (*c*) Direct referendum to the people; (*d*) A majority of the states

45. One of the following Presidents was *not* a Republican
(*a*) Lincoln; (*b*) Taft; (*c*) McKinley; (*d*) Cleveland

46. At a Presidential election citizens vote for
(*a*) The candidates directly; (*b*) Electors who later vote for the President; (*c*) Governors who later vote for the President; (*d*) None of the above

47. If both the President and the Vice-President die the person who automatically succeeds to the office is
(*a*) The Speaker of the House of Representatives; (*b*) None; (*c*) The Secretary of State; (*d*) The Governor of the State of New York

48. The Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army is
(*a*) Marshal; (*b*) Johnson; (*c*) The Secretary of War; (*d*) Franklin D. Roosevelt

49. A bill becomes a law if the President does not veto it in
(*a*) 2 days; (*b*) 10 days; (*c*) 30 days; (*d*) 90 days

And here is your Bonus Question—worth thirty points!

50. Write (exactly!) the words of the first stanza of the national anthem of the United States of America. —ELI CANTOR

THE UNAWAKENED

ALEXANDRE DUMAS went with Soumet to see a play by the latter in the Theatre Français. In the box opposite he noticed that a gentleman had fallen asleep. Mischievously he leaned toward Soumet and said, "See, there is the success of your play—people fall asleep."

The next day a play by Dumas opened in the same theatre and his friend accompanied him to the opening. With the first act barely finished, Soumet tapped Dumas on the shoulder and pointed to a member of the audience who was sound asleep. "My dear Dumas, you know that it is possible to fall asleep during one of your plays."

Dumas pursed his lips and pretended to examine the sleeping man. "Ah no," he retorted, "that gentleman has failed to wake up from last night."

—ALBERT BRANDT

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LIFE AT DISNEY'S

HOW THE "SPECIAL EFFECTS" ARTISTS MAKE PINOCCHIO COME ALIVE ON THE SCREEN

"You can't tell me that waterfall in *Snow White* was painted —it was too real. You must have photographed a real waterfall."

This comment was made to one of the Walt Disney artists shortly after *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* was released. But, and it is a compliment of the highest order to the artists creating the production, it did not include a single photograph. Everything was painted.

And this brings us to the fundamental difference between live action studios and Walt Disney productions. The difference lies in the fact that live action studios use natural props. If they want a waterfall, they find one to fit their requirements and photograph it, if necessary sending a camera crew to South Africa. But at Disney's, realism is created by the skillful use of the brush and palette.

Live action studios, for example, have batteries of lights at their command for use in lighting their sets. The lights cast their normal shadows on the characters and objects—unless, of course, they want to eliminate the circles from under the leading lady's eyes.

In the making of a live action production, the actor walks through the lighted portions or into the shadows and the color of his costume is affected by the changing lights. But in the Disney productions it is necessary to create the illusion of lights and lighting by the change in the colors of the costume. It is obvious that the sets used in a Disney production cannot be lighted, since they are painted backgrounds for the action. Different shades of the basic color are used to give the impression of the effect of the surroundings or light source in the characters.

The early animated color pictures were flat. They completely disregarded the fact that moonlight or sunlight, rain, snow or fog, made any difference in the rendi-

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tion of color. A character could stand in a dimly lighted room and his costume was as vivid as though he were in brilliant sunlight.

It is true that some of the earlier productions did use the shadows for their characters, but they were far from perfect. In today's productions, the shadows follow perfectly the movements of the character.

All shadows have to be animated and are reproduced on the film by under exposure. In every scene in *Pinocchio*, as evidenced by the sequences shown on the following pages, there is a definite light source. The shadows are cast according to this light source—and are kept consistent.

The layout department—which is comparable to the art department and set-designing department in a live action studio—indicates on rough layout sketches the source of the light for a particular scene. The light may be from a candle on the table or from the roaring fire on the hearth. It is then up to the artist to know how that particular source will throw light on the various characters, objects and props in the scene.

Today there is a new technique. Its early experimentations were seen in *Snow White*. And in *Pinocchio*, Walt Disney's second full-length feature, the results of extensive research in this technique will be fully exemplified.

Within the studio this technique is in the hands of the "special animation effects" department. Here the artists create wisps of dust, metal highlights, ocean waves, water in all its moods, the sparkle of jewels, the glow around a candle flame, and similar inanimate and vitally necessary things which make life more complex for Walt Disney's characters.

The effects department grew out of a gradually mounting need for aid on the part of the character animators. Trained through several expensive experimental years in the art of animating caricatured animals and human beings, these artists found that far too much of their time was going into the creation of the necessary props and effects that the stories called for.

This department now boasts a personnel of fifty-two, practically doubling the personnel used on *Snow White*. Ten of the artists devote their talents exclusively to the use of the airbrush. The glow that you see around a sun-tipped cloud, the smooth aura around a candle flame, the indistinct mists and fogs—that is no more than skillful airbrush application of paint.

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The artists are responsible for all water scenes; ocean, lake, river or babbling brook. They must create all moving props, such as falling rocks, waterfalls, clouds of dust. They take care of shadows, big and little; fire and all the various effects of heat; all sorts of smoke, whether a major conflagration or the thin stream curling from a cigar. They make the rain pour and the lightning flash.

Water is one of the most difficult of all effects to achieve. The rush of the waves upon the shore, the ebbing of the water, the white foam curling on the sand are sights that never tire the beholder. But the rhythm and fluid grace of the water are hard to capture in a painting.

The artists working on the water scenes—which consume about one-third of *Pinocchio*—spent every available moment on location at the seashore. With their 16mm. movie cameras they photographed the roll of the waves, the breaking of the surf on the beach. All of this was used for study purposes.

Of equal importance to this animation of the ocean in all its moods, was the rendering of the color of the ocean. The major portion of the ocean scenes was to be on a murky, overcast day. The water gave the appearance of molten lead, with an undertone of grey-green. Finally achieving the colors desired, it was rendered on the celluloids by airbrush application, giving it a transparent quality. For the foam on the crest of the waves, a different technique of application was used. This is known as the drybrush application of paint.

Water is just as wet at the bottom of the ocean as it is at the surface, but at the depths, the color changes. In the undersea sequence, Pinocchio is searching for Monstro the whale who has swallowed Geppetto. In his search on the floor of the ocean he encounters hundreds of creatures of the sea—little sea horses, oysters, brilliantly hued fish—and passes through marine gardens of breathtaking beauty. In spots the sunlight filters through the water and the colors reflect this change in light. Pinocchio's costume is brighter, the sea life more vivid, the sea flowers more brilliant.

As Pinocchio moves out of the scene, going farther into the depths of the ocean, the colors of his costume change, becoming more indistinct. This gives the feeling of distance, the density and darkness of the water.

The wettest rain imaginable is reproduced in the Disney produc-

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tions. The course of the rain is done by effects animation, but the silvery glisten and highlights of the pouring torrent is the result of a new shade of paint developed in the Disney paint laboratory.

It is a rainy, foggy night and Geppetto searches the streets in vain for his little Pinocchio. Not only are the fog and rain realistic enough to cause the audience to be grateful for the protection of the theatre, but this atmosphere heightens the story and sets the mood for the gloom and despondency of Geppetto.

A brilliant star comes right into Geppetto's room and materializes as the Blue Fairy. She is an ethereal being and the rendering of her character had to suggest this quality, instead of the more definite colors and outlines attributed to normal characters. About her is a constant iridescent aura. Skillful airbrush application of paint produces this transparent aura. The airbrush method permits no harsh, set outlines, giving instead a soft quality.

Important, and a technique which gives roundness and dimension to the characters, is the process known as the blend. Two girls were responsible for the development and use of this technique in *Snow White*. With increased production and the many complex problems involved, the staff has been augmented to twelve. It is the job of these girls to see that the cheeks have a natural roundness, the arms a molded appearance. They must use their own judgment, as all the information they have is furnished by the layout man—the source of the light.

For instance, Geppetto has an old blunderbuss in one hand and a candle in the other, which he holds high above his head. He is frightened, for he thinks some one has broken into his shop, and his hand wavers. As he turns his head the light from the candle reflects on different parts of his face and head. These girls are responsible for placing the highlights on Geppetto's hair and body as reflected from the light of the candle.

In connection with the shadows thrown by the light of a candle, a technical "boner" occurred in *Snow White* which still causes chuckles among the technicians. It is doubtful if many in the audience caught the mistake.

When Dopey waveringly tiptoed upstairs to see what monster had invaded their household, he nervously waved the candle around. And the reflection waved too—but about two leaps behind it!

—MARTIN MENSH

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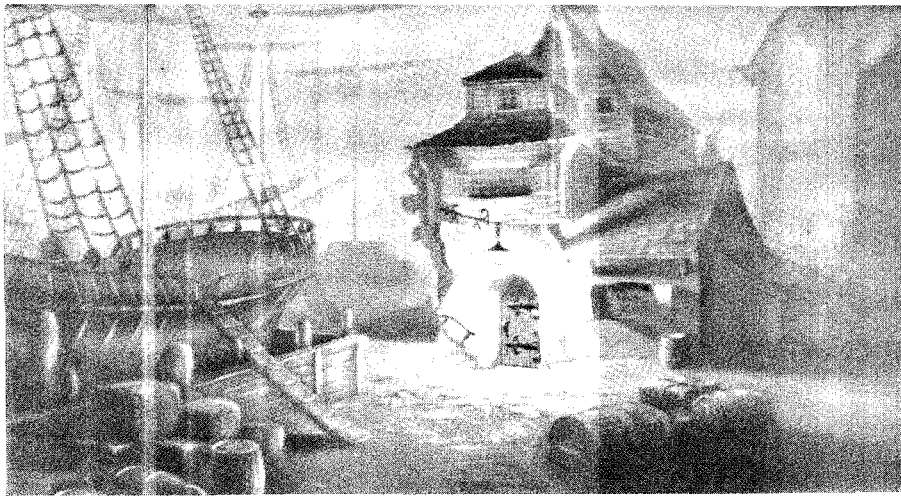

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THE RED LOBSTER INN. In the movie, this view of the Red Lobster Inn comes toward the screen in a "dolly" shot, seeming to approach the eye from a distance. At first it is seen through thick fog and, as the inn gets closer and closer, the fog thins out. The effect is that of the waterfront on a misty night.

THE BLUE FAIRY. The picture below shows the materialization of the Blue Fairy in Geppetto's room. The scene is composed of a celluloid on which is painted the background, and over this the celluloid with the painted character is superimposed. The aura surrounding the Fairy is an airbrush application.

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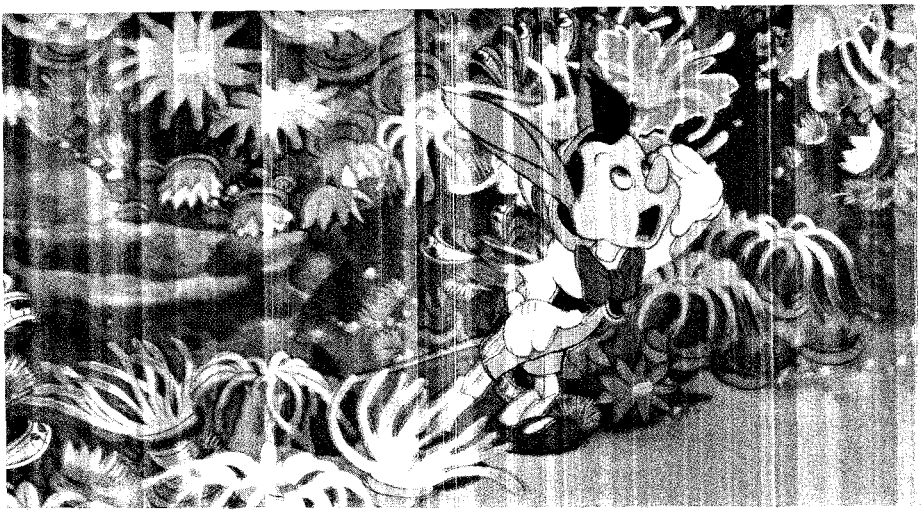

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PINOCCHIO UNDERSEA. A particularly effective sequence is that of Pinocchio walking through the marine gardens. Three celluloid overlays were required, in addition to the background. The first shows the sea creatures, the second the character, and the top overlay contains a view of the sea anemone.

GEPPETTO ALARMED. In this scene, Geppetto, the kindly woodcarver, has been alarmed by a noise, not knowing that Pinocchio, his wooden puppet, has come to life through the magic of the Blue Fairy. The candle treatment is the work of the special effects department, described in the accompanying article.

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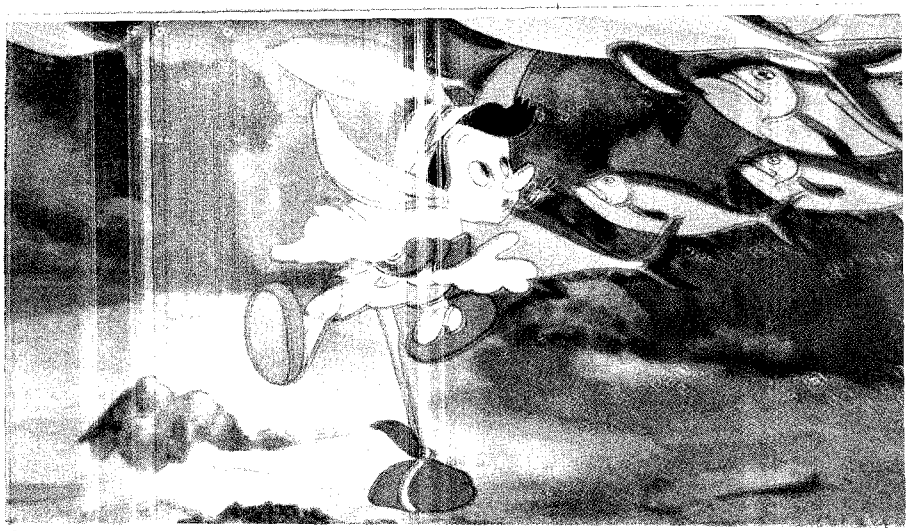

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PINOCCHIO SEARCHING FOR MONSTRO. This undersea scene shows Pinocchio searching for Monstro, the whale, with a school of tuna overhead. The chief problem of the special effects department here was to secure a silvery effect on the undersides of the fish, faintly discernible through a marine translucency.

JIMINY CRICKET. The comparative size of Jiminy Cricket, Pinocchio's conscience, is shown in this scene in relation to a pipe. Special animation was required for the pipe, as well as for scores of other props in Geppetto's workshop, such as carved paint pots, music boxes and a variety of woodcarvings.

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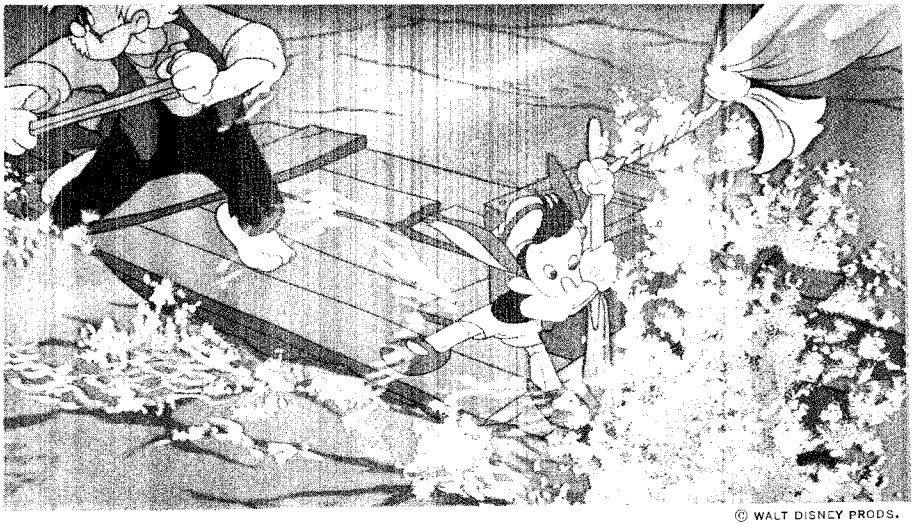

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GEPPETTO AND PINOCCHIO ON A RAFT. This scene is composed of the painted background and three celluloid overlays. The first is a celluloid with water outline indications, over which is the celluloid with the characters. The top layer shows the splash of the wave, realistically executed in drybrush technique.

GEPPETTO IN THE RAIN. Here, in this night scene, Geppetto vainly searches in the rain and fog for Pinocchio. Over the panorama background is the celluloid with the painted character of Geppetto holding the lantern. Superimposed on this are two more celluloids with the animation effects of rain.

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NICE WORK, YOU SETTLED IT

IF FAMILY FEUDS MAKE FAMILY FOOLS, WHAT DOES THAT MAKE THE WELL-MEANING FRIEND?

So you and Jim have been having an argument, have you . . . What . . . Why sure, I'll be glad to settle it—if I can. Let's hear what it was about . . . I see, Jim. You say a husband ought to have the right to ask anyone he pleases to his house without consulting his wife. Do I think that's right? . . . Um, well—yeah. It seems to me that's reasonable enough. After all, it's his house . . . What did you say, Ruth? . . . Oh, I see. Yes, I guess that *is* so. It *is* customary for the wife to issue the invitations.

"Hey, wait a minute! Don't both talk at once, *please*. I can't hear what you're saying . . . Which do I think is right? Well, I just said that the husband should have the right to ask whoever he wants, but of course . . . What? I'm contradicting myself? Well, I think *both* of you are right in a sense . . . How? Well, that's easy. I mean one person might say an apple is green, and another one might say it's big, and they'd both be right. Hey, don't get sore. I'm *not* trying to change the subject.

"I don't think you should get mad like this . . . Just a minute, Jim. I didn't say you were mad. I said . . . No! No, Ruth, I *wasn't* implying that it was your fault. I think you're both very sensible to thrash the whole thing out. I like the way you're both handling the matter . . . What? . . . No, this *isn't* soft soap. I mean it . . . How's that? Which *do* I think is right? . . . Well, naturally I sympathize with the man's point of view but . . . wait a minute, Ruth, I hadn't finished.—I can see the woman's point of view too.

"Now, hold on a minute. Let's not get personal. It isn't going to do any good for both of you to turn on me. Personalities aren't getting us anywhere . . . Now, here's the way I look at it. I think this is a matter you two will have to work out. That's the only solution . . . Will I have a drink? I'd love one."

—Parke Cummings

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THE GOOD TASTE TEST

Which Bookcase Treatment in Each Pair Is Preferable? Answers on Page 134

"BOOKCASE" is a misleading term. It can lead to the belief that the article of furniture so named must be filled with books, and books alone. And in most homes the process of filling the bookcase consists of jamming every available inch with books. Actually, the much-abused bookcase is an adaptable instrument, and a little ingenuity can augment its contribution to the livability of the home. On the following pages are samples of this ingenuity, devised by William Pahlmann, director of the Department of Interior Decoration at Lord and Taylor's, New York. There are five sets of samples in all, each approaching a different problem from a different point of view. It becomes your job to study each problem, then decide which solution seems, in your opinion, in better taste. Give your reasons before you turn to page 134.

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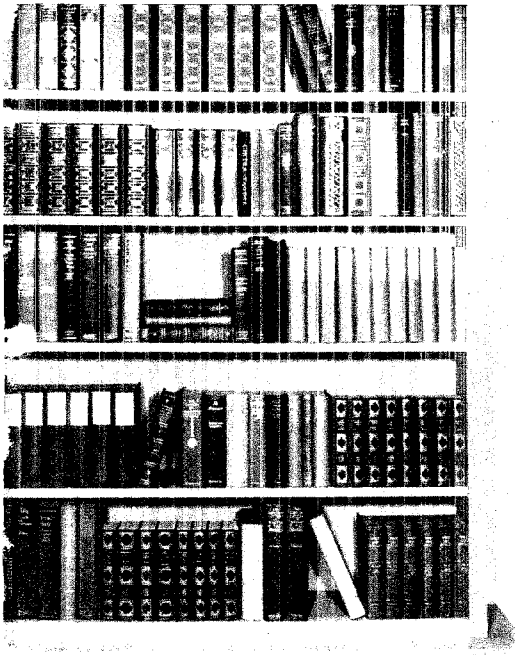
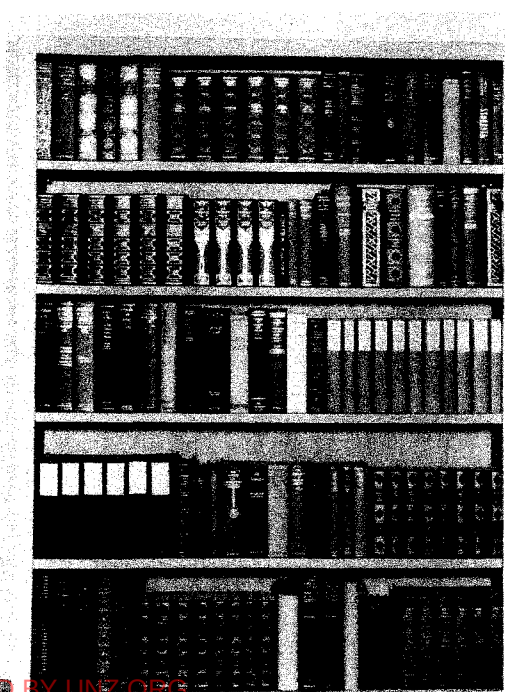


A

B



1 *With five very regular and very simple shelves to fill with books, which method would you follow: the straight, unrelieved alignment in B or the varied arrangement utilized in A?*

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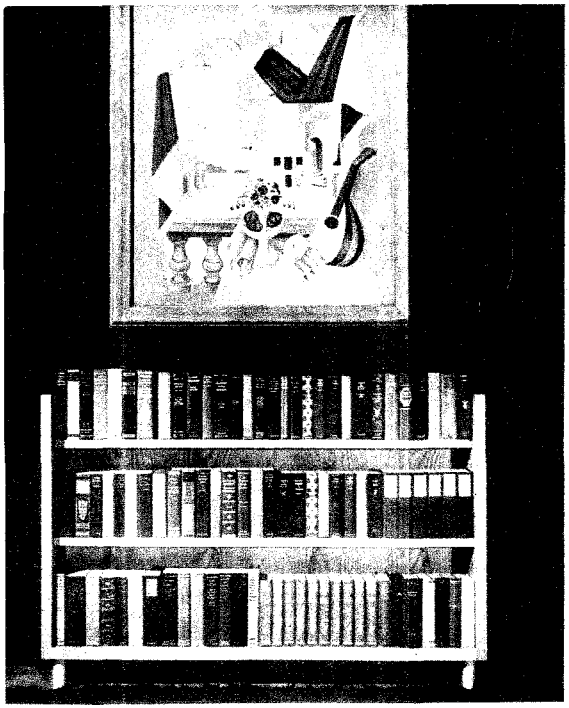

A

B

2 *The same bookcase and painting in both instances, but in A the books are in even rows, with all the decorative interest aimed at the painting, while in B interest is also centered in the bookcase. Which arrangement do you find in better taste?*

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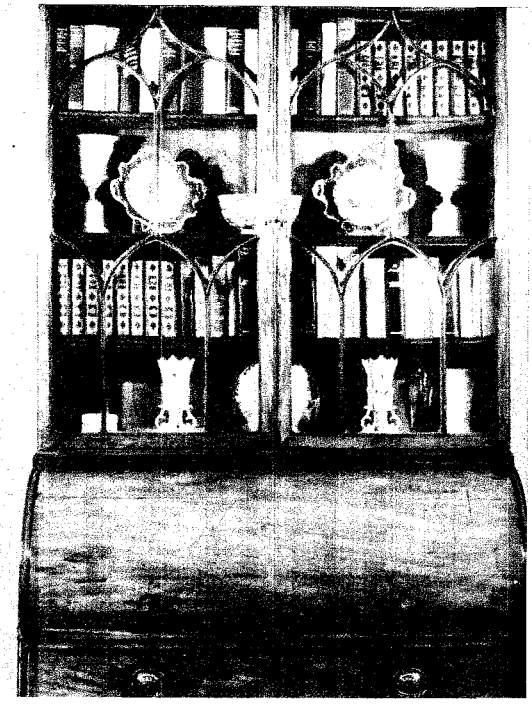
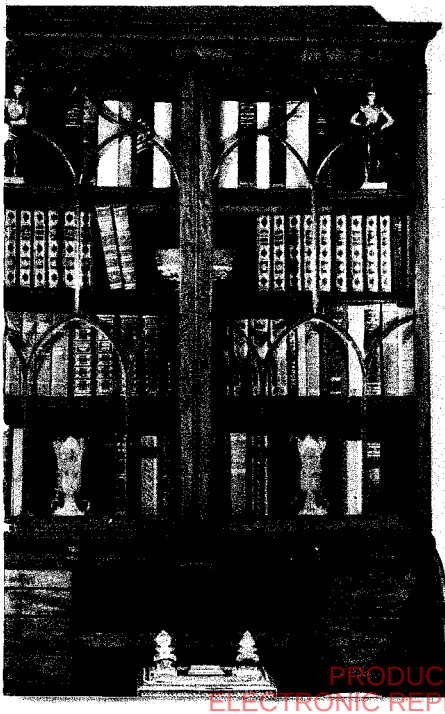


A



B

3 *The shelves of a secretary desk should always be relieved with knickknacks, for these help bring out the delicate fretwork on the glass doors. But which arrangement of the bric-a-brac do you consider better in the parallel examples shown on this page?*

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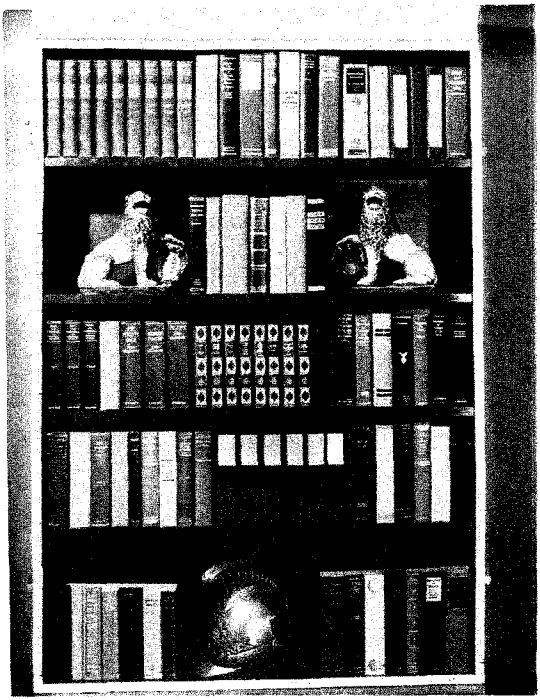
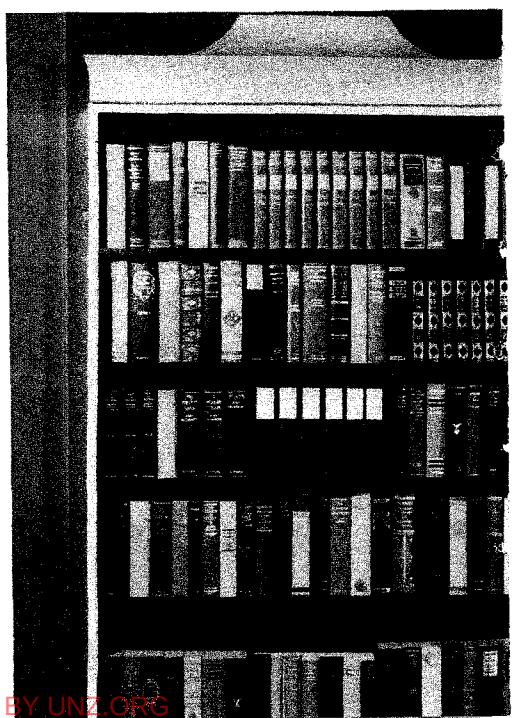


A

B



4 *Here is a strong, simple bookcase of definitely masculine character. If it were yours, how would you fill it — with the vertical lines of books as in B, or would you break up the lines, as in A?*

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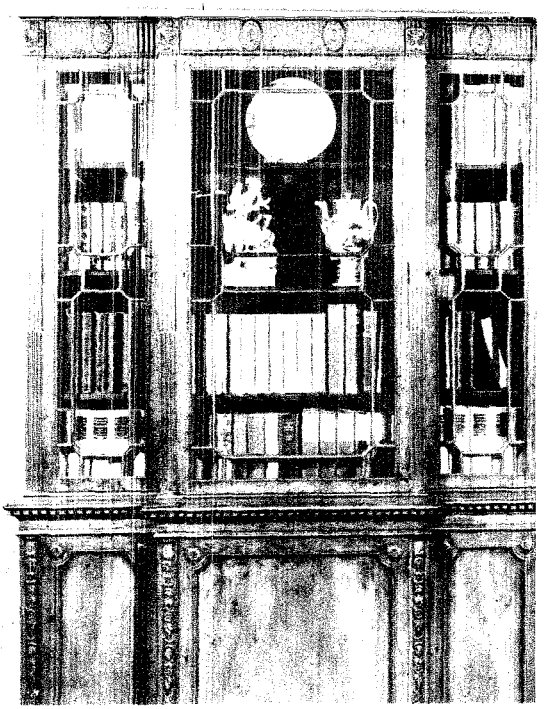

A

B

5 *You are given a highboy desk. You are also given three ornamental pieces to place in the highboy among the books. In both arrangements, the pieces are the same. Which is better?*

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FORGOTTEN EXPERIMENTS

These too, like those in preceding issues, are fretful ghosts of experiments which haunt the halls of science in the forlorn hope that some day they will be released from limbo by being either proven or disproven.

BRAIN waves and psychics are on the up and up now. Eventually some one will think of conducting brain wave experiments on psychics when they are attempting to produce psychical phenomena. But there will probably be no mention of the name of Dr. Ferdinando Cazzamalli of the University of Milan.

Yet Dr. Cazzamalli performed just such an experiment. In fact, his work foreshadowed the modern conception of "brain waves," those minute electrical discharges from the cerebral cortex.

With his brain wave apparatus he tested a spiritualist medium while she correctly told the contents of sealed packages. He reported a queer signal from her brain, a signal which was strikingly similar to a radio wave. Another strange signal was recorded when a hypnotized subject thought of a dead relative.

The experiments were conducted in 1927.

EVEN in California the name of Father Jerome Sextus Ricard has faded into the land of the half-remembered. His observatory at the University of Santa Clara near San Francisco is still in use. But the work of the "Padre of the Rains" passed into oblivion with his death.

Yet it remains that his experiments in forecasting weather succeeded for years in making the official weathercasters look ridiculous.

His conclusions, based on over 4000 observations of the sun, each observation accompanied by diagrams, indicated that the whirling vortices of sunspots create spinning electrical disturbances which in turn cause the spinning winds of basic cyclonic storms in the earth's atmosphere. For almost a decade he predicted weather weeks, even months, in advance with uncanny accuracy. There was little in common between his sunspot experiments, and those which have been more widely publicized.

But his experiments, which bore such remarkable results, have never been checked. They passed into darkness with Father Ricard on December 8, 1930, when the traditionally vague official forecast was "fair and mild—with gentle shifting winds."

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BITTER and long has been the argument as to whether life could have reached the earth by means of meteorites, and thereby began the process of evolution which produced a two-legged, perverse creature called man.

Once a scientist attempted to cut through the clouds of pseudo-philosophical discourse with the lightning of direct experiment. He was Charles B. Lipman of the University of California, and his method was to soak meteorites with antiseptics, flame them with burning alcohol, then finely grind material from their centers. Next the meteorite particles were dropped into sterile flasks.

Bacteria grew in the flasks. Lipman claimed that the bacteria could only have come from inside the meteorites, where they had remained dormant during the trip through outer space. He thought he had settled the old argument.

But it is more fun to argue than to experiment. The flurry over Lipman's experiment died out in 1933.

"THE next time one of the people to whom I have given blood dies, I will make an experiment—then I will know."

So spoke Frederick George Lee, regular blood donor of the Middlesex Hospital, London, who believed he felt a pain in his arm each time a person to whom he had given blood died.

When next he felt such a pain, he carefully noted the time. It was the exact instant when the person to whom he had last given blood had died.

Seven out of twenty-four recipients of his blood died, and seven times he received the strange telepathic message from his blood. Doctors at the hospital could not shake Lee's conclusions.

It was in 1925 that this "strangest experiment in telepathy" became known and then sank back into limbo.

AFTER thousands of experiments, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, world renowned horticulturist, came to the startling conclusion that plants have a double nervous system similar to animals.

With delicate galvanometers he claimed to have detected the reaction of plants to pain, to have recorded their heart beats.

He tested plants with poisons, found they reacted in the same way as animals. Ether and chloroform made them unresponsive to electrical stimuli.

Sir Bose published his conclusions in 1927. You still hear of them occasionally—dim references to experiments that science has never taken the trouble to substantiate—yet they would shatter some of biology's proudest theories, would revolutionize horticulture.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

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A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

DR. CARL JOHANN MEYER

WANT to retire to a rocker? If you're this side of 80 and at peace about your state of mind don't consider the case of Dr. Carl Johann Meyer. His hearty example may nudge your tired conscience. After 50 years at the strenuous life of family doctor, going by horseback to make calls on widely separated families, he's edging 90 and still ploughing happily along. America's last Pasteur protégé, he strove with the master for sanitation in medicine. He saw internes go, without washing their hands, straight from carving cadavers to childbirth cases. It was horror at rank conditions that caused him to choose medicine as a career. A native Swiss, young Meyer went to Colorado's Rockies after developing a racking cough. Since, he has never balked at making long treks to patients in remote mountain cabins. But he is no obscure hill medico. He has sold yarns to Hollywood, kiddies' stories to newspapers, sundry fiction and fact articles to periodicals. Recently published is his autobiography, *Fifty Years in the Saddle*. The Doctor promoted one of Denver's first libraries, organized its first bowling team. Though he insists he is no longer in active practice, you often may see the doughty old gentleman lugging his little black bag out of his windswept *Waldhaus* to deliver a baby for some patient too poor to pay a doctor's fee.

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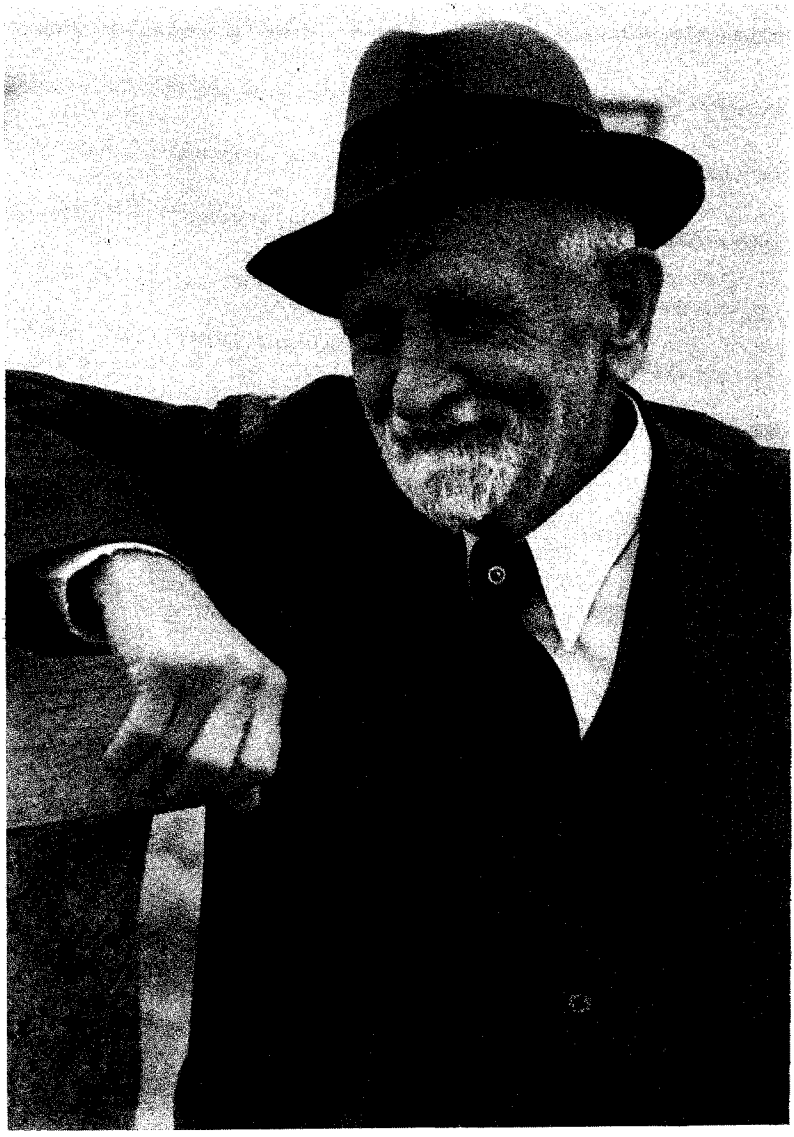

McCALL

DR. CARL JOHANN MEYER

NOVEMBER, 1939

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RORKE

MADALINE LEE

WHO DOESN'T ASK ANYONE TO PARDON HER SOUTHERN ACCENT

"BUZZMEMIZBLUE" is Madaline Lee's cue to uncoil a lethargic Southern drawl and enter the eternal *contretemps* of Amos 'n' Andy's marathon radio serial. She plays Genevieve Blue, Harlem debutante secretary to the bombastic Andy. Texas-born, Miss Lee comes honestly by her accent. Attending Columbia University in the Yankee North didn't dissipate her drawl. Back in her home town, Dallas, she began a mike career, was soon lured by Hollywood. But directors considered her manner of speaking no particular asset, whereupon she began the task of Oxfordizing her tongue. When she heard that Amos 'n' Andy wanted a feminine voice she dropped the King's English like a flash and by only mildly exaggerating her natural dialect, she snared the job coveted by 600 other drawling applicants.

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ROBIN CARSON

DANIEL M. EISENBERG

WHO WILL FIND YOUR RICH RELATIVES BUT CAN'T LOCATE HIS OWN

His imagination fired by tales of two fabulously rich great-uncles with whom the family had lost contact, Daniel M. Eisenberg at 14 started out to locate them. The trail wound through archives, who's-whos, city directories, newspaper files, then led him into his life's work. Today this New Yorker is acknowledged an ace bloodhound among the professional trackers of missing persons. He locates heirs to estates or long lost relatives, but most of his work is *skip tracing*, *i.e.*, flushing mates who have flown their connubial nests, or pinning down disappearing debtors. Significant fact: more than 65,000 wives have asked Eisenberg's agency to trace husbands, only 12 husbands have hired it to find wives. Public prosecutors have consulted him after police failed. But Eisenberg hasn't yet found his uncles.

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JACK MILLER

FRANK J. WALTER

WHOSE ONLY DIVIDEND FROM HIS FREE CIRCUS IS CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER

OPERATING a complete three-ring circus solely for the entertainment of poor and crippled children of Houston, Texas, wealthy sportsman Frank J. Walter often risks his life in animal cages to thrill his little guests. Touched by the spasms of delight charity children displayed at a circus performance sponsored by his fraternity, Walter conceived his "Original Underprivileged Children's Circus," of which he is owner, ringmaster and chief trainer. He has 125 beasts, including lions, leopards, monkeys, dogs, horses, ponies. To the gay cries of a calliope he sets up his show in parks, distributes red lemonade, balloons and peanuts. Then he goes into the arena and puts his "pets" through their paces. He has a partially paralyzed hand as the result of several attacks. Walter estimates that his annual expenditure on the show is about $25,000, but he says that his income is far greater —"a satisfaction no amount of money could ever buy."

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LOUIS LOWENSTEIN

WHO IS THE WORLD'S CHAMPION HITCH-HIKER AND CONVENTION-GOER

ALMOST any Armistice Day you may see in your own city Sergeant Louis Lowenstein selling poppies. Something of a professional hitch-hiker and Legion-convention attender, he claims 115,000 miles negotiated entirely by virtue of an eloquent thumb, aided by his beard, which he says is regarded as a mark of trustworthiness. He claims the world's hitching championship, is proud of never having missed an American Legion convention. During the War, France awarded him a *Croix de Guerre* for saving a French officer's life under fire. In a hospital near the front at Armistice, he became a charter member of Paris Post No. 1 of the American Legion. In 1922 he was sufficiently recovered from wounds to be dismissed from doctors' care, but they advised him to stay out-of-doors; getting to and from fraternal pow-wows keeps him there. Lowenstein has published two books on his open-air adventures, now is scribbling copy on a third.

WILL DOWNER

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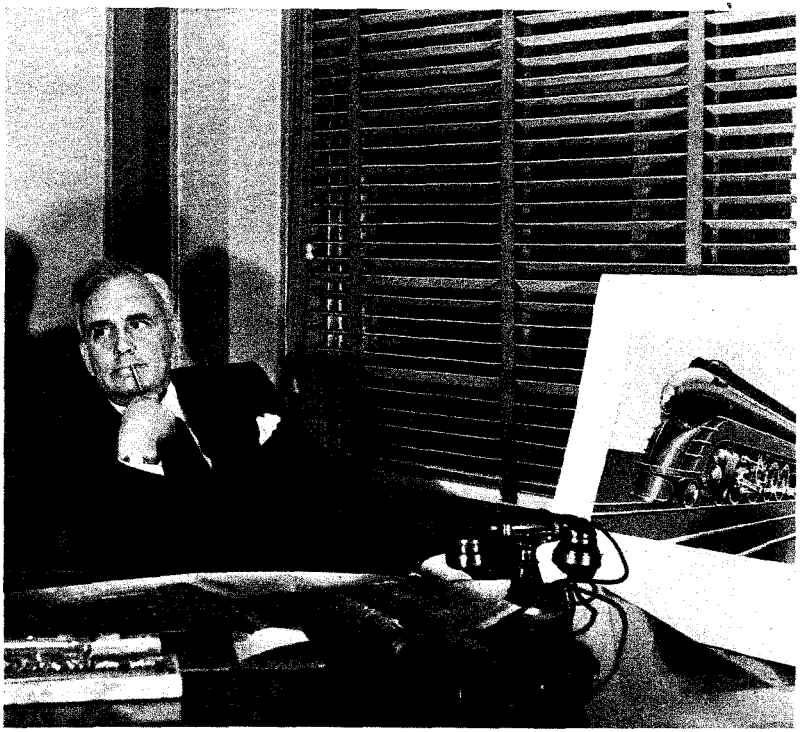

DISRAELI

OTTO KUHLER

WHO DESIGNS TRAINS WITH AN EYE TO INSPIRING WANDERLUST

NO ONE yet has proved that streamlining a locomotive is a wholly good idea from engineering, maintenance and operating standpoints. But there's no doubt that streamlining has won the fancy of the journeying public. And that, says Otto Kuhler, is the big idea. Kuhler is the eminent locomotive designer who started out in Germany as an etcher and water-colorist. He became thoroughly enamored of railroad trains, got into the railroad business as operator of a line in occupied Belgium during the last war. A pioneer exponent of engine restyling for attractiveness' sake, he put his ideas to work when he came to the U.S., now is consultant to the American Locomotive Company. The Milwaukee's *Hiawatha*, G.M.&N.'s *Rebel* and Philadelphia's sleek new subway trains are Kuhler's handiwork.

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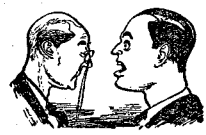
CUP YOUR EARS AND SPEAK

WE START WITH GOOD VOICES AND DEVELOP BAD SPEECH HABITS: THE PROCESS CAN BE REVERSED



WE USUALLY associate a round, resonant, full, deep voice with the large athletic type of man. Let's suppose I am in my office. There is a loud knock on the door. I call "Come in!" My caller is a man of gargantuan proportions, he is well-postured and his face is strong. Immediately I get the impression that here is a forceful, dynamic individual. He is across my six-pace room in three. He stops at my desk and looks down. I am beginning to feel some inner qualms. He begins to speak. What a let-down! His voice fits his body frame and muscles like the tail fits the elephant. It is high, weak and thin. My attitude toward that individual changes. I am no longer impressed by his strength and stride; in fact, I may unconsciously underrate him now.

The voice is like a fingerprint; it has its own pattern, its stamp of quality difference. No wonder it is so easy to pick out acquaintances one from the other, even though they are hidden from view and you hear only voices. A characteristic quality of voice makes you definitely *you*.

The question often arises as to what is meant by the *normal* speaking voice. It is one which has a full, resonant, clear tone. It must be neither too weak nor too strong for easy listening. The voice should be appropriate to the age and sex of its possessor. There should be flexibility which results in variety of inflection and loudness. There should be a slight vibrato and the vocal pattern should express shades of feeling and meaning.

Persons with perfect vocal mechanisms frequently have poor voices. The reason is not: "Well, I was born that way." By all means, no! Normal babies, in nearly every instance, have perfect voices. Adults would possess an invaluable talent if, as they advanced through the years, they could keep muscles free from tension and endeavor to avoid the

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development of poor vocal habits.

Speech results from the free, relaxed movement of muscles. When conditions are normal, it should require no effort. It should roll over the tongue with the subtle, gay sparkle of a musical brook. The tone should be resonant and clear. It should result from the activity of muscles which are neither too taut nor too flabby.

Some voice disorders are so severe that they are apparent to all. Minor defects are noticeable only to the trained listener. This is no indication that just the worst cases should be treated. Mr. Casual Acquaintance is talking to a person with a slight vocal irregularity. If you ask him if he had noticed anything abnormal in his friend's voice he may answer in the negative, even though there is marked nasality (too much "aaanh"). He has heard him speak, though, and the impressions he has received have been influenced by that part of his friend's personality.

While you're waiting for your subway train to pull out you might listen to some of the voices around you. Chances are you'll be able to classify them all. But in your "categorization" be careful not to omit yourself. When you get home quietly steal upstairs, cup both ears, take a firm grip on yourself, utter a few "ahs" and then get going on *Two Sleepy People*. It won't take long for you to get some idea as to how you sound to those about you.

If you have "cupped your ears" or have had a recording made of your voice and you have found it wanting, now is the time to do something about it. There are several ways out of your difficulty. The first and most advisable means would be that of attending a speech clinic. Approximately eighty institutions of higher learning are giving help to people with defective speech and voice. Some of the universities doing outstanding work in the field are Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, California, Indiana, Purdue, New York and Wayne. For work in voice improvement I would especially recommend Dr. Clarence T. Simon of Northwestern University.

If a clinic is not available a competent singing teacher might be able to help. There are no great differences between the voice in speech and voice in song. In cases where the vocal irregularity is slight, improvement can be brought about by the application of the principles taught in singing.

Usually, it is necessary to start with relaxation. This is especially true in subjects where the quality

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is thin and the pitch is extremely high. If this is your case, learn to relax generally. Take a comfortable sitting position, hang your arms limply at the side and allow your head to fall forward. Think of the arms and hands, the legs, the trunk, the neck and face, and free them from tension. Forget all your worries and cares while you listen to Wayne King as he plays *The Waltz You Saved for Me* or to a recording of *Liebestraum*.

If you have gained for yourself the title "Gertie Guttural Voice" or "Husky Henry" you might try some exercises in "placement." That is, if a competent throat specialist has told you that there is nothing wrong with the structures. Learn to breath abdominally. Get the chest up, bring out the lower ribs, inhale, allowing the part below the chest to come forward. Bring the abdomen in and exhale through an open throat. Careful! Keep the chest up and the lower ribs out. Practice this until it comes without concentration.

Now think about relaxing the jaw. It is probable that the thought will not be enough. Try it once then with the two thumbs beneath the mandible (that is the bone which holds the teeth); try moving it up and down. If you encounter some resistance, conditions are not right. Try rolling your head around on your shoulders with the jaw relaxed. Make the muscles of the back of the neck do the work. Keep after it until you can get freedom from tension. When you think you are pretty good try the "teeth cracking" technique again. Now, continue moving the jaw but this time voice the vowel "ah." What, more resistance? Keep after it. Go back to the head rolling. Try it without the vowel. Now, again with the vowel. Finally, when you think you are master of the thing, try speaking without putting any jaw action into it. Apply your "thumbing" procedure again. Here you encounter more competition. Finally, when you are completely upset about not being able to get it all of the time, go to your next step.

Get the chest up, lower ribs out, inhale through an open throat allowing the abdomen to go "pot." Now, hum an "hhhnnn" sound. What, it sounds as bad as ever? Of course, it does. You have it down in your larynx. Think the voice high. Make that "hhh" come out of the nose as just so much air. Make the "nnn" vibrate the nasal passages and forehead. When you have the voice "placed" try talking up there. It will probably be

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pitched higher than usual at first. Later you should be able to bring it down and still maintain the improved "voice placement."

If your voice is muffled and people are constantly saying "What?" after you have spoken, don't suggest that they have their ears tested. Do some work on the principles just described and try to improve the distinctness of your articulation. Form specific speech sounds with greater precision and try to "project" the voice. The majority of voice irregularities can be improved by getting a better control over the out-flowing air column, by relaxing or toning up muscles of the jaw, larynx or neck, opening the resonators, "placing" and "projecting" the voice and improving the enunciation.

We attempt to make better social animals of ourselves by attending plays, reading books, hearing music, studying art, and then we go about communicating our new accumulations with voices that sound like the rusty "konk" of push horns, vintage '12. A pleasant voice is a valuable asset. Many would do well to include its culture on their "must" list.

—CLARENCE R. VAN DUSEN

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 94-98

1. B; 2. C; 3. D; 4. C; 5. D; 6. B; 7. False. Poll taxes, etc., operate to disenfranchise many people in certain states. This especially affects Negroes and poor whites in the South; 8. False; 9. False. The government must first agree to be sued; 10. B.

11. D; 12. C; 13. B; 14. C; 15. C; 16. D; 17. D; 18. A; 19. C; 20. D.

21. D; 22. C; 23. A, C; 24. C; 25. D; 26. D; 27. D; 28. C; 29. C; 30. D.

31. D; 32. D; 33. None; we have no poet-laureate; 34. D; 35. A; 36. D; 37. D; 38. C; 39. A; 40. D.

41. C; 42. B; 43. False. These were guaranteed by the Bill of Rights (first ten amendments); 44. B; 45. D; 46. B; 47. C; 48. D; 49. B.

50.

O, say, can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
Through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched
Were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare,
The bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.
O, say, does that star spangled
banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave?

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SON OF SOLITUDE

WHEN THE EMPIRE TOOK ITS WESTWARD COURSE, BOONE WAS THERE TO HELP CARVE THE TRAIL

THERE is no target like the man on a pedestal. Indeed, to few men is it given to become heroes within their lifetimes and to remain with untarnished reputation to the end of their days. Still rarer is the figure which continues to command deference and honor without challenge from the skeptical generations following.

Daniel Boone, the hunter and frontiersman, was such a unique historical character: while he was still living his exploits seized upon the imagination of the American people; and for the nearly two centuries since then he has been accepted as representative of the best that was in the men who opened the American west and won it. Myths, the gleaming cobwebs of history, have concealed little of the true worth of Boone.

★ ★ ★

Boone's people came from Devonshire, England. His grandparents arrived in Philadelphia in October, 1717. Almost immediately they began to move toward the frontier, which at that time was not far west of the Delaware River. In the Schuylkill Valley, in the vicinity of modern Reading, Daniel Boone was born on November 2, 1734, the sixth child of Squire and Sarah Boone.

There on the frontier he grew up. From his earliest years he came to know the woods and to accept, as he accepted his own people, the Indians who wandered in the forests and were constant visitors in the settlements. As a lad he tended herds. From his twelfth year he hunted with a rifle.

Young Daniel received no formal education. His eldest brother's wife taught him his "three R's." For the rest he was self-taught, learning to survey with compass and chain, to compose a letter and to read intelligently.

The immensity of the American west exercised a peculiar magnetism on the people of the frontier: it left them restless, with their eyes

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forever turned to greener pastures. In the spring of 1750 the Boones, already fired with this western fever, sold their claims and moved southwestward along the Appalachians to the Yadkin Valley in the northwest corner of North Carolina. The next year Squire Boone chose a claim at Buffalo Lick and the family settled down again.

When General Braddock, destined for an inglorious defeat, marched on Fort Duquesne, Daniel was present, driving a baggage wagon and serving as blacksmith for a Carolina contingent. While serving under Braddock, he met John Finley, a fur-trader and hunter, who was in George Croghan's group. On the long march Finley talked of the Kentucky wilds he had penetrated. Young Boone listened entranced to the tales of Finley's wanderings, by Indian and buffalo trails, through the Cumberland Gap and up into the Kentucky country. Thirteen years would pass before Boone would be stirred to action toward the fair land Finley had described.

In 1756 Daniel married seventeen-year-old Rebecca Bryan, daughter of a pioneer family; the union was to last fifty-seven years, the couple raising nine children, five sons and four daughters. Two sons were later killed in Indian warfare.

Now the French and Indian War struck the Yadkin Valley and for three years the Cherokees and Catawba Indians of the vicinity were locked in a fierce struggle with the settlers, large numbers of whom were driven from their homes. It was not until 1762 that the settlers could return to reoccupy the new southwest. There were fresh Indian outbreaks in 1767 and that autumn Boone decided to see the Kentucky wilderness, of which John Finley had spoken so highly twelve years before.

Boone spent the next winter in part of Kentucky, near the headwaters of Big Sandy River, but he did not know he was in Kentucky. He returned the following year, disappointed that he had not come upon the land Finley had described, when here Finley himself came up into the Upper Yadkin Valley, peddling an odd assortment of frontier wares with horse and wagon. Finley stayed over the winter and Boone listened again to the tales of Kentucky.

He finally decided to try Finley's route to the Kentucky country by way of the Cumberland Gap in the mountains. In the spring of 1769, Boone, Finley and four com-

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panions climbed the Blue Ridge Mountains, made their way through the Holston and Powell Valleys, and went through the Cumberland Gap. Before them spread the beautiful blue grass region of Kentucky.

All summer and fall Boone and his friends hunted here. When they had amassed packs of skins and furs they were surrounded by a band of Shawnees, robbed and taken prisoner. Then, with a warning that they were trespassing on Indian lands, the frontiersmen were released.

Nevertheless, enamored of Kentucky, Boone determined to settle there; others, equally stirred by his tales of the fertile region, decided to go with him. The Boones sold their lands and in September, 1773, left the Yadkin. In Powell's Valley, however, the party was attacked by redskins. Among those killed was Daniel's son, sixteen-year-old James. At this blow the other settlers turned back. The Boones settled on the Clinch River.

The settlement of Kentucky proceeded in earnest now. As an outstanding hunter and explorer of those lands Boone was commissioned to mark a path to Big Lick. It was the "trace" Boone cut to the Kentucky River that became known as the "Wilderness Road," as famous in Kentucky as Braddock's and Forbes' Roads were in Pennsylvania. The town laid out was called Boonesborough, after the frontiersman.

In late 1777, while on a trip to the salt licks with a party, Boone was captured by his red foes and was taken across the Ohio to Little Chillicothe, a Shawnee town. Carefully biding his time, the frontiersman finally made his escape from the Indians and—on only one meal—traveled 160 miles in four days through the wilderness. When one considers the difficulty of travel in the unmarked wilds, of Boone's danger of recapture, the feat stands out amazingly.

★ ★ ★

In 1784 an "autobiography" of Boone appeared. It was written by John Filson, the first Kentucky historian, but Filson wrote in a heavy pedantic and humorless style that was no more related to Boone than hunting with an African safari is to game-hunting on the American frontier. (The book marked the early appearance of the great American ghost-writer.)

Three years later Boone was in Richmond where he had been sent as a legislator by his Kentucky admirers. There he served with dignity, pressing the claims

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of his constituents ably enough. Unfortunately, however, he seemed to have been unable to protect his own holdings. Claim-jumpers and questions of title took his lands from him in the years from 1785 to 1798.

In 1796 his eldest son had gone to eastern Missouri and had settled there, securing land warrants from the Spaniards, who then owned the Louisiana territory. In the spring of 1799 Daniel Boone, lieutenant-colonel of the Kanawha County militia and a man sixty-five years of age, prepared to leave the land for which he had fought so long. From miles around pioneers gathered to say good-bye to Colonel Boone.

The Spaniards quickly accepted the old hunter. They gave him a tract of about 845 acres on the Femme Osage Creek. In 1800, recognizing his leadership, they made him a minor magistrate, a position he held until the Americans bought Louisiana. Now again Boone was deprived of his lands: it appeared that the grant which the Spaniards had made to him had not been entered in the proper legal fashion. But in 1810 Congress finally listened to his appeal and the tract was returned to him.

That same year he returned to Kentucky for the last time to pay his debts.

He was in his seventies but still a great hunter. Although his eyesight was dimming, he wandered as far west as Kansas. In 1814—when he was eighty—he went to the Yellowstone region to hunt. When his wife died he lived with his son but the settlements and towns could not hold him. Often exploring parties reported seeing old Boone going up the Missouri River alone with only a rifle for company. He was bound to see the natural curiosities of the west; he was constantly listening to tales of new lands.

Had he been younger he would doubtless have wandered overland perhaps even to the west coast.

On September 26, 1820 — the exact day is questioned — Boone died at the ripe age of eighty-six, "a righteous man in his generation," a leader and a builder, even a lawmaker, from whose example hundreds and no doubt thousands had been moved to turn west. There are wiser, more brilliant, smoother-tongued heroes in American history; there are few who have been proven as sterling and as valiant, by every test of character, as old Dan'l Boone.

—Philip Paul Daniels

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THE STOLEN SNUFF-BOX

THE GREAT CRIMINOLOGIST HAD REASON TO KNOW HOW MEN ACT IN MOMENTS OF STRESS

IT WAS not Joseph Leborgne's intention that the yellow folder should be among the others. I realized that, the moment his hand touched it. The color left his face, his hand trembled so violently that when he laid the folder aside a newspaper clipping fell on the rug.

To my amazement I saw there a photograph of Leborgne, many years younger, a light mustache shadowing his lips. He stooped to pick it up but not before I had read the heavy type: JACQUES SAINT-CLAIR, THE YOUNG ASSASSIN OF M. GOURDON-MOREUIL.

Leborgne straightened up, his face turned suddenly scarlet, and put the clipping in the folder. Then he looked at me, a keen searching look that showed me that he knew I had seen.

I would have given much not to have read those terrible words. I respected Leborgne, liked him, admired him for his keen mind, the genius that he possessed for the unraveling of criminal mysteries. Joseph Leborgne a murderer!

He relaxed in the chair, stared at his fingertips. I knew that he was waiting for me to speak and yet I dreaded being the one to break the silence.

"You were not always Joseph Leborgne?" I commenced.

"Until I was eighteen I called myself Jacques Saint-Clair."

He reached for the folder, handed it to me wordlessly and I opened the cover to examine it as I had examined other folders that he had offered me.

First, I found a resumé of the life of Jacques Saint-Clair.

He was born at Montmorency, and when he was eight years old lost his father and mother on the same day in a railroad accident. Then his godfather, M. Gourdon-Moreuil, came forward and paid his board and tuition in the Lycee Condorcet. At the age of seventeen, Jacques was graduated and

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with the approval and financial aid of Moreuil continued his studies in preparation for the Bar. He went to live in a *pension* on the Boulevard Saint-Germain. It became a habit to dine on Wednesday of each week with his godfather at the older man's apartment, rue de Bellechasse.

Jacques would usually arrive at seven o'clock. They would sit down at the dinner table at seven-thirty, served by Armand, the only domestic in the employ of Gourdon-Moreuil. At nine o'clock Saint-Clair would leave, for his host retired early.

Gourdon-Moreuil was fifty-two years old. Possessing an independent fortune he did not practice his profession. As the years passed he became more and more of a recluse.

His one passion was the collection of antiques, limited to snuff and tobacco boxes and canes. He had set aside a small room in the apartment for his collection, a miniature museum with the walls lined with glass cases. He received no one in his home except his nephew. He did not attend social functions outside. He read avidly, chiefly historical works.

At the inquest, Armand was the first questioned. This Wednesday, Saint-Clair had arrived at the usual hour. Armand noticed that he appeared nervous. He was not surprised when he heard angry voices in the large room where the two men were waiting for dinner to be served.

Gourdon-Moreuil had no secrets from his servant. Armand knew that for three months Moreuil had worried about his godson and his interest in a girl in the Latin Quarter, called Margot. Until Jacques met Margot he had called only moderately upon the generosity of his benefactor. After that Moreuil had been giving Jacques money in addition to the liberal allowance.

At half-past seven the two men sat down to the table. They ate hurriedly in a stony silence. At eight o'clock they got up from the table and the argument was resumed again in loud, angry voices.

At nine o'clock Armand was ready to leave. When he reached the outside door he heard swift footsteps behind him and turned to find Saint-Clair also on his way out. He noticed that the young man's coat pocket bulged with some bulky object. He was sure that he saw the glitter of gold, and that Saint-Clair had in his pocket a small snuff-box.

Armand spent the evening at the Theatre Montrouge. When he

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entered at midnight and passed down the corridor toward the rear of the apartment he saw the light on in the collection room. The doors of the glass cases were open, the boxes were gone. Armand hurried into the large room and found Gourdon-Moreuil lying on the rug, dead.

Then he heard a terrific crash in the kitchen. Armed with an andiron from the fireplace he went toward that room. Jacques Saint-Clair, looking like a madman, held a hammer in his hand. On the floor were the pieces of the collection wrecked beyond recognition. Saint-Clair stared at the servant in terror, then fled.

★ ★ ★

I did not wish to read more. I closed the folder and after awhile found the courage to lift my eyes and look at Joseph Leborgne. He returned my gaze, although he seemed carved of marble. I wondered how I could extricate myself from this atrocious situation when his level voice was heard in the room, a voice that seemed to overflow with bitterness.

"I went to Switzerland, stayed there five years. When I came back I called myself Joseph Leborgne. It is true I had been unreasonably extravagant, spending beyond my allowance. I needed five thousand francs. My godfather refused me, spoke contemptuously of Margot. The idea came to me to steal one of the snuff-boxes, pawn it and afterward save enough to redeem it and bring it back. On the way out I took it from the case and slipped it in my pocket. I took it to a pawn broker, in the Latin Quarter, whom I knew. He examined the box at first eagerly. Then he pushed it toward me and advised me not to show it to anyone. It was a piece of great value that had been stolen from the Museum of Cluny.

"I understood then why my godfather did not show his collection. When I returned to the apartment I stumbled over his body. He had killed himself when he discovered the box was missing and knew what I had done. I seemed burned up by a fever. I felt that I was the indirect cause of his death, he who had been my benefactor. True, he had stolen for many years but he was more of a sick man than a thief.

"I wanted to save his memory. I didn't know which ones were stolen so I tried to destroy them all with the hammer. Armand discovered me and I fled. Justice would have miscarried if I had been brought to trial. Everything

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was against me. My crime—the destruction of stolen goods, flight, hiding, is at the base of all my discoveries in police work. It made me understand a truth little known and too often neglected, that the logic of a man caught in a terrible situation is not the logic of one who reads the story in an armchair, and which I call everyday logic. Will you please give me a cigarette?" —GEORGES SIMENON

ANSWERS TO TASTE TEST ON PAGES 108-113

1. Always try to make your bookcases look as though they are more than ornaments: make them look *used.* Some slight confusion—call it an orderly confusion—such as in A, creates the desired effect. Informality, intelligently achieved, breaks up monotony. B is a monotonous arrangement.

2. Both these arrangements are in good taste, but B is far more interesting. The painting is in the modern baroque manner, and the objects on the shelves in B nicely carry out this theme. Also, both globe and pineapple are in excellent scale with the bookcase and the painting. (Although the photographs do not show the phenomenon, the bindings of the books were selected to conform with the colors of the painting—an effective decorative trick, when it can be accomplished.

3. B is preferable. The ornaments in A bear no relationship to one another, there are too many of them, and they are not in scale. Note how the bottom shelf has lost all weight and consequently throws the other shelves out of proportion. In B, however, the ornamentation is simpler and sparser. Fewer ornaments are easier to see, easier to study. (Extra note: When the accessories on a secretary desk are handsome enough, as in B, keep the desk open. When it is cluttered with papers and unkempt objects, keep it closed and shift all decorative emphasis to the shelves.)

4. B is just a case of books. A, by the simple addition of three objects, becomes an ornament to the room as well as a receptacle for books. Furthermore, the objects on the shelves strengthen the masculine character of the bookcase. Note that while they are highly decorative, they also make appropriate bookends. The use of the helmet is a particularly happy one, illustrating the fact that an object doesn't have to be labeled "bookend" to be used for that purpose.

5. B is better. The three objects used in this scheme bear no special relationship to one another. It was logical, then, to place them far apart on the shelves. Note too that when they are jammed together, as in A, they make no sense as a homogeneous group. But when they are separated, as in B, they not only refuse to clash but they actually complement one another. Distance, in this instance, has lent much enchantment. The arrangement in B, incidentally, merits careful study.

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A NOTE ON SCHOENBERG

WHETHER HIS WORK VERGES ON LUNACY, GENIUS, OR BOTH IS FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS TO SAY

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG — Einstein of music—is the single individual residing between the San Bernardino mountains and the Pacific with no private life. In a community given over to gossip and cackle, where anybody's business is everybody's business, he stands aloof—one man whose loves, hates, babies and birthdays pass in awesome silence.

Search as you will through book, article, monograph, encyclopedia, you can find no sketch, no intimate account of the life of this Archangel of Atonality before as well as after his arrival on the Los Angeles campus of the University of California.

The most persistent digging reveals simply that he was born (in Vienna 65 years ago), married (his teacher's sister), and writes music (for which he has required special size music paper). A footnote records that he is a free thinker, that his earliest years were spent as an underpaid clerk in a tenth-rate private bank and that he was fired when he entered BEETHOVEN in the principal ledger instead of the name of a client, that he has put on canvas his impressions of certain moods from Gustav Mahler's symphonies. That is all.

His music, on the other hand, has had fabulous publicity. It has occasioned scandal after scandal, brought forth more bouquets and brickbats, more *hosannahs* and *goddams* than any music since Wagner's.

Thirty-five years ago he was laughed down, hissed out of Vienna. His *Verklaerte Nacht* was described as "the random scrapings of six circus freaks." His *Pell'as and Mélisande* was tagged "a fifty-minute wrong note." His quartets and *Kammersymphonie* were greeted with catcalls, banging of seats, fist-fights, organized laughter and lawsuits.

"Imagine the bleating of sheep in *Don Quixote*, the sacrificial pro-

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cession in *Elektra*, and the scene of opponents in *Heldenleben* all played together and you will have a faint notion of Schoenberg's idea of orchestral color and harmony," explained the *London Daily News*. "We must be content with the composer's own assertion that he has depicted his own experiences, for which he has our heartfelt sympathy."

The reason for all this, Mr. Schoenberg explained, was not his ideas but his dissonances. It was not that his music was or was not beautiful, but simply that it was different from listeners' previous experiences and its patterns and organization were difficult for them to perceive and apprehend. He felt that repeated hearings would solve all difficulties, "for they prevent the recurrence of shock and its resultant lapse of presence of mind."

The technical formula which Schoenberg evolved, and which marked him "a juggler with dry and lifeless notes, a pilgrim in the wilderness of tonal disruption," employs a twelve-tone system. Its exact nature is no clearer to most music-lovers than the theory of relativity.

Schoenberg advocates that composers make up their pieces from tone-rows built of the twelve notes of the chromatic scale, arranged according to the composer's own design, providing only that no one note be repeated until all eleven others have been used. The particular tone-row selected may be inverted and both it and its inversion may be played backwards, transposed, broken up, and all are subjected to unequal rhythmical configurations.

Tonality, as such, disappears or, as the Schoenbergians put it, "is expanded into the infinite." Well, almost, as the twelve notes can be arranged in more than 479 million combinations, each susceptible of eleven transpositions. The result, as you know if you've heard any of Schoenberg's purer experiments — not *Verklaerte Nacht*, but the *Dance Suite for piano*, opus 25, or the third *String Quartet*, opus 30— is hell-broke-loose.

Reactionaries describe it as a musical crossword puzzle, one that can be played either backward or forward. Imagination, they say, degenerates into mechanical ingenuity. They allege that Schoenberg hit upon this Dada-ism to cover up his mediocrity, his sterility as a creative artist.

The real Schoenberg was suspected by those who didn't like him to be a pseudo-romanticist— the man revealed in his early, im-

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mature works, those derivative rehashings of stale ideas. Realizing his limitations, but having an immense technical mastery and a desire to lead, he decided, according to Cecil Gray, "to strike out a new path since it was better to reign in hell than serve in heaven—better to be a master in a world of his own than to remain the mere counterpart of Wagner, Brahms and Mahler that he had hitherto been, and would otherwise be destined to remain."

When, in his later compositions, he occasionally lapsed back into the old tonal system, he was told he didn't know what he was doing, that he contradicted himself.

"I always write music the way I feel. My ideas recently acquired a different idiom, that is all," Schoenberg explained. "I am like an apple tree. Its business is producing fruit, unselfconsciously, no matter whether it is good fruit or bad. I must produce the music in me, without regard for externals."

That is as it should be, argue his critics, but is it really so? If he is honest, then his inner impulses are not worth much.

RCA-Victor recorded *Verklaerte Nacht* and *Gurre-Lieder*, his earliest works, but they did not sell. The larger part of his music is never performed, partly because of public indifference, partly because of its difficulty. His recent violin concerto, fiddlers said, would remain unplayable until they could grow a new fourth finger. "Yes, yes. That will be fine," he replied. "I am delighted to add another unplayable work to the repertoire. I want the concerto to be difficult, and I want the little finger to become longer. I can wait."

It looks as though he has a long wait ahead. In the meantime he can content himself with the tributes of such princes of the realm as Stokowski: "Schoenberg stands alone. In the evolution of Occidental music there has never been a musician of similar character and gifts. Like Leonardo da Vinci and Cézanne . . . he has been unendingly creative and courageous."

The public, on its part, can relax in the knowledge that if he has said something, the future will find it out. Whether his much-battered vocabulary is the work of a laboratory mole, a sensationalist, or a lunatic, it will not circumscribe music's ultimate grammar. It is but a passing phase, a change which itself gives birth to further change. Thank God, music is not static. The ink-slinging over Schoenberg proves there's life in the old girl yet.—CARLETON SMITH

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An eye to the east Surely nobody expects us to express the tritely pious wish that the information conveyed in *Would You Be Drafted?*, the opening article in this issue, will remain completely theoretical for all time to come. It can be taken for granted that we, along with the rest of the 97 per cent, don't want America to be drawn into war.

The difference, however, between what people don't want and what they get is often shocking. And assuming that we may "get it," in the neck or elsewhere, it is legitimate for each of us to want to know, in advance, what will then happen to yours truly. After we find out, we will still be cogs in the wheel of the war machine if war comes. But at least we will be well-informed cogs.

That has the same pathetic quality, the same futile sense of striking out against blind fate as the statement, "You can't fire me —I quit." Yet, somehow or other, it helps.

★ ★ ★

The general photograph section is back with, we trust, a distinctly audible bang. The method of reproduction is a new process which is solemnly guaranteed to be much better than the old one. At least it's more expensive. And the photographs now occupy a larger area as a result of "bleeding" off the page on two sides. Do you like?

★ ★ ★

Robert West, 15 Park Row, New York City, the undisclosed originator referred to in the article *Patent Pending for 68c* in the April issue of Coronet, wrote that he objected to the publication of some of this material. The use of any objectionable material was entirely unintentional, and Mr. West has accepted the editors' regrets.

★ ★ ★

The new issue of Coronet appears on the 25th of each month.

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